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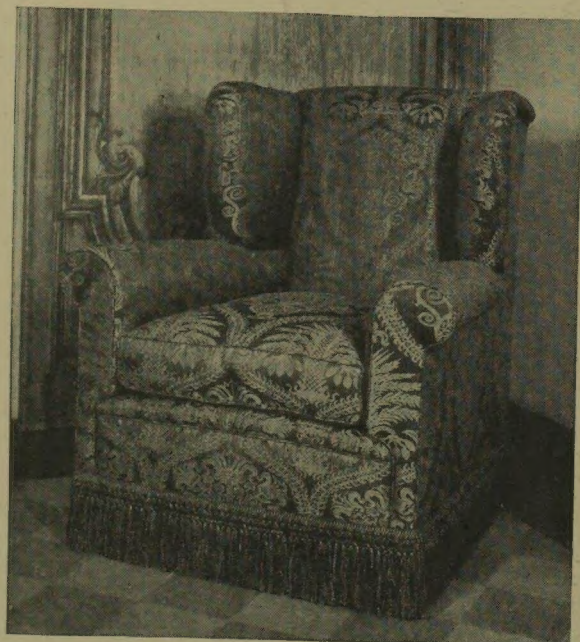


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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1937.



GERMANY KEEPS THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF NAZI RULE: THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION IN BERLIN—A VIEW ALONG UNTER DEN LINDEN FROM BESIDE THE QUADRIGA ON TOP OF THE BRANDENBURG GATE.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FEW days ago the *Radio Times* published an article on China by one of its regular contributors, a popular broadcaster and journalist. It was written for the children. That is to say, it was written for the consumption of those who could not be expected to have any real knowledge, or even knowledge of any kind, of the facts and who had therefore to depend on the writer to supply them. This, being a very skilled journalist, he did in a highly competent and lucid way. But, unfortunately, the facts he supplied were only half the facts. The rest, being inconvenient to his thesis, he left out altogether. He told the children that the Chinese were a people who deserved our special attention and respect. Their civilisation and culture had survived for at least four thousand years, and they had in them many features that Western civilisation would do well to note. The clever Chinaman doted upon examinations: the most respected class of person in China was not the soldier, but the scholar and man of letters. The Chinese had never been conquered: waves of barbarians had "invaded the land, but they have always been swallowed up and civilised by the Chinese culture." The foundation of Chinese civilisation was the family and Confucianism, whose ideals "have often been described as those which make up the behaviour of a perfect gentleman." Above all, the Chinese had never heard till three hundred years ago of the doctrine of political nationalism: "a cultured Chinese views the present confusion and alarm in Western civilisation with a tolerant smile."

That is all. There is no mention of the fact that Chinese civilisation has long been decaying, that modern China is a welter of anarchy and misery, that it is scourged on a titanic scale by plague, flood and banditry—all of them the direct result of the absence of any kind of order, the first requisite and basis of any civilisation—and that its soil is the battlefield of rival armies and dictators. The cultured inhabitant of China can indeed, as the writer says, view the present confusion and alarm in Western civilisation with a tolerant smile, because he himself is accustomed to so very much worse. And, as the idea of the article, a weekly affair, was apparently to turn British children into intelligent and well-informed citizens of the world, able to form sound judgments on the affairs of nations, might it not have given them a somewhat truer picture of modern China to have said something about the material conditions that prevail in that country? For instance, "the noisome Acherontian slime" of Peking, so graphically described by Lord Redesdale—and no Englishman ever had a deeper sense of the greatness and beauty of the old Chinese culture—"smells that must be smelt to be believed; sights such as the Beggars' Bridge, which are sickening horrors; squalid houses, suggesting indescribable interiors, . . . streets ill-paved and never cleaned." But of all this our kindly wireless instructor on world affairs says not one word. It is apparently felt that it would be better for the children not to know. So China is presented to them in as unreal and fabulous a guise as El Dorado. Only its streets, instead of

being cobbled with gold, are paved with human virtues—or perhaps it is only good intentions?

All this—*suppressio veri* though it be—may sound innocent enough: what matter if the children be deceived? But the children who are being thus innocently hoodwinked are the future citizens of an absolute and all-powerful democracy, on whose lightest word one day the issues of war or peace, empire or disruption will unavoidably rest. What they learn



TO BE REGENT IN CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES: MAJOR-GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER. It was authoritatively stated on January 19 that Major-General H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester was to give up his Army career in order to assist the King by undertaking various official functions and public engagements. He has now left the Staff College, Camberley, and ceased his work as a serving officer. He entered the Army as a subaltern in the King's Royal Rifle Corps in 1919, and was promoted Major-General on January 1 last. Under the Regency Bill, which provides that the Regent shall be the next person in succession to the Crown who is of full age, the Duke of Gloucester would become Regent during the minority of the Sovereign, or in event of incapacity, or during absence abroad. It was announced on February 1 that the Duke had been promoted to be an Air Vice-Marshal. He is the third son of King George V., and was born at York Cottage, Sandringham, on March 31, 1900.

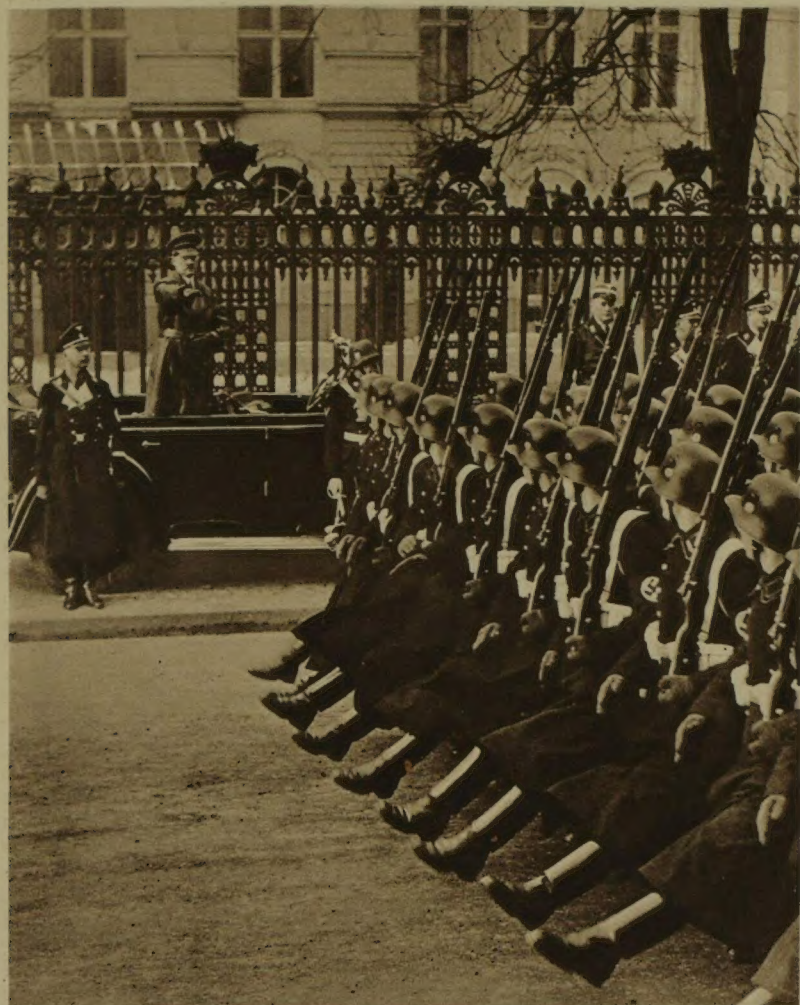
to believe now, they will act upon in the years to come. And these very children, both in their schools and in their reading, are being carefully encouraged in the belief that what they learn is the absolute truth. Humility is not part of the diet of our sucking democracy: no Colonel Blimp could be more positive and dogmatic. Whatever they happen to have been told about the remote countries they have never visited, goes. "Everyone," said the protesting English adviser to the Hollywood film company, "knows that Dukes don't go in to dinner wearing their robes and coronets." "Kansas City knows they do," was the unanswerable reply. The youthful product of our modern school of teaching citizenship, in his vision of foreign affairs, has similar knowledge.

This dogmatic refusal so much as to consider any facts which run counter to one's own preconceived views constitutes a serious menace to the peace of the world. More than almost any other cause—even the rearmament of Germany or the bribes and propaganda of Moscow—it prevents that understanding between nations which must be the first requisite to an enduring system of peace. Accept, for instance, the view of China presented above by the elimination of all facts, however important, that go to disprove it, and the attitude of Japan towards that country becomes utterly indefensible. To a great many people in Britain, thus educated in foreign affairs, it actually seems so. Yet there are all sorts of facts about China, hidden from the people of this country, which are known to the Japanese and which explain, even if they do not always justify, their conduct. To understand these is essential if bad blood is not to be engendered between Britain and Japan. The obligation on those who instruct our democracy not to distort facts by concealing half of them is, therefore, very great. It is hard to conceive of any more important obligation of good citizenship. For failure to fulfil it may have far more fatal consequences than the most criminal action; it may not only rob an individual or deprive him of his life or home, but may plunge the whole world into war. Before we can judge another nation or understand it, we must know all the facts on which its conduct is based.

It is our curious English reluctance to do this—accentuated now that the control of our foreign policy has passed from the hands of a highly educated minority to those of the people as a whole—that lays us open to the charge of hypocrisy. To many foreign observers we appear to have become in late years a nation of special pleaders. Take, for instance, the feelings of a citizen of one of those modern States which, after passing through a period of destructive and disintegrating anarchy, are now attempting to restore the shattered fabric of their national culture by a medicine of strict and authoritarian government. A German, for instance, finds himself and his chosen rulers constantly being lectured by the official spokesmen of Britain because he takes steps to defend himself from the consequences of renewed anarchy. He is urged to disarm without the slightest reference to the fact that for years his neighbours refused to do so; he is blamed for trying to bolster up the forces of order abroad without a word being said about far greater foreign intervention by other Powers on behalf of disorder; and he is told that bilateral pacts are unsocial, while the Franco-Soviet Pact is not referred to. In the charges brought against him, half the essential facts are omitted. It is scarcely to be wondered at if under such circumstances he grows suspicious of Britain's good faith and regards himself as the victim of an unjust conspiracy. Yet the ordinary Briton has as much good faith and honesty of judgment as any man in the world, provided that he is put into possession of the full facts on which justice must always be founded. That is why it is so incumbent on those who make it their livelihood and business to supply him with facts to give him, not half of them, but all.



## BERLIN EXULTS OVER HITLER'S SPEECH: SCENES OF A SPECTACULAR DAY.



THE CHANCELLOR WATCHES NAZI BLACK GUARDS PARADING BEFORE HIM AT THE GOOSE STEP: HERR HITLER (STANDING IN HIS CAR) GIVING THE NAZI SALUTE AS THE TROOPS MARCH PAST IN THE WILHELMSTRASSE, BERLIN.



THE FÜHRER ARRIVES AT THE KROLL OPERA HOUSE TO DELIVER HIS ADDRESS TO THE REICHSTAG: HERR HITLER GREETED BY GENERAL GÖRING AS PRESIDENT OF THE REICHSTAG, AN OFFICE TO WHICH THE GENERAL WAS RE-ELECTED.



THE REICHSTAG SESSION TERMINATES WITH THE NATIONAL HYMN AND NAZI SALUTES: A VIEW SHOWING HERR HITLER AT THE END OF THE FRONT ROW TO LEFT OF THE TRIBUNE, WITH GENERAL GÖRING BEHIND HIM (TO RIGHT).



THE CHANCELLOR WATCHES THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION (ILLUSTRATED ALSO ON OUR FRONT PAGE): HERR HITLER (WITH ARM OUTSTRETCHED IN THE NAZI SALUTE) IN A GROUP ON THE BALCONY OF THE CHANCELLERY IN THE WILHELMSTRASSE.

On January 30 Germany celebrated the fourth anniversary of the Nazi régime, and Herr Hitler delivered a memorable speech at a session of the Reichstag held in the Kroll Opera House at Berlin. The Reichstag renewed the Enabling Act of 1933 and thus confirmed him in power for a further four years. In the course of his address, which lasted two hours, the Chancellor declared that the Versailles Treaty was now at an end, and that, Germany having attained equality, there would be no more "surprises." He asserted that Germany wished to live with her neighbours in sincere collaboration, and there were no insuperable difficulties between her and France. Germany, however, would oppose Bolshevism with every

means at her command, and would have no contact with Soviet Russia beyond what was officially necessary. He criticised several passages in Mr. Eden's recent speech, and pointed out that the splitting of Europe into two camps, which Mr. Eden deprecated, was already an accomplished fact. Recalling Germany's various offers regarding limitation of armaments, Herr Hitler said that armaments depended on the dangers that threatened, and each nation could alone judge what it needed for defence. After General Göring, as President, had declared the sitting of the Reichstag closed, the 741 deputies rose to their feet and sang "Deutschland über Alles" and the Horst Wessel song, with great fervour.





**DANCING HANDS: THE "CHORUS" IN THE BALINESE "DANCE OF GOOD AND EVIL," WHO SCARCELY**

The Balinese "Dance of Good and Evil" is a simple allegory of Life. Into the centre of the circle formed by the "chorus" (if we may use the word backwards. Then the Spirit of Good enters the ring. He raises up those smitten by Evil, and finally triumphs

**MOVE THE LOWER HALF OF THE BODY, EXECUTING A HARMONIOUS MOVEMENT IN UNISON.**

In a sense approximating to its original Greek meaning of "dancers") leaps the Spirit of Evil. He flings out his arms and those who face him fall on a human pyramid formed by his supporters. Other photographs will be found on the succeeding pages.



# "GOOD AND EVIL": BALINESE DANCING WITH HANDS AND



THE LANGUAGE OF HANDS IN A BALINESE MASS-BALLET IN WHICH ONLY THE UPPER PART OF THE BODY IS MOVED: A DAYLIGHT PERFORMANCE OF THE "DANCE OF GOOD AND EVIL" ROUND A LAMP.



THE HARMONY OF THE DANCE OF GOOD AND EVIL: THE CIRCLE OF HALF-NAKED BALINESE SWAYING IN UNISON.

THE natives of Bali represent the struggle of Good against Evil in the remarkable dance which is illustrated on these pages and the preceding double-page. To them Evil is embodied in the spirits of darkness, and the dance is usually performed after nightfall. A special daylight performance was given for the benefit of foreign visitors and the photographer. To begin with, a tall, three-armed lampstand is set up in the middle of a suitable open space. Round it some 150 men are grouped in concentric circles. They wear sarongs round their hips, the upper part of their bodies being bare; and have hibiscus-flowers in their hair. All is hushed. The little, flickering red flame barely illuminates the outermost dancers, and their brown bodies are lost in the violet darkness beyond. Suddenly, without word of command, a long, low sound comes from 150 throats. Gradually all the hands fly upwards with fluttering fingers. The cry of "Ketjak, ketjak" mingles with a low hissing sound. The bodies of the dancers sway from side to side and backwards and forwards in unison. All at once, the Evil Spirit springs into the

# WITH TORSO TO BRING REST AND PEACE TO THE WORLD.

animated circle. With a warning cry of "Awas," every actor throws himself backwards on the ground. Half of the circle rises ready, to be smitten to the ground again with loud cries of "Awas," and vehement gestures; and then, again, the half of the circle behind the Evil Spirit's back rises up again. Again the Evil Spirit turns about with lightning swiftness, and again, with a shout of "Awas," all facing him fall back. This happens twelve times, and then another figure suddenly springs into the circle beside the Evil Spirit. The Evil Spirit strikes the actors to the ground with fierce gestures; the newcomer, the Good Spirit, raises them again. Back and forth sways the circle, mowed down by the fierce glare of Evil and restored again by Good. This goes on until finally there is formed on the side of the Good Spirit a human pyramid, from the top of which he dominates all. Crying "Awas" in a lordly tone, he smites the Evil Spirit and his supporters down into the dust. Thus is the victory of Good enacted. Deep, arresting cries make it known that Rest and Peace have returned to the world; and the dance is finished.



SYMBOLISING THE DESTRUCTIVE FORCE OF THE POWERS OF EVIL: THE EVIL SPIRIT (THE DANCER ERECT IN THE CENTRE) FELS ONE HALF OF THE CIRCLE TO THE GROUND WITH A GESTURE.



THE EXPRESSIVE USE OF THE HANDS BY THE GOOD AND EVIL DANCERS: FLUTTERING MOVEMENTS EXECUTED IN UNISON.



# HIGH LIFE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"LIFE IN A NOBLE HOUSEHOLD—1641-1700": By GLADYS SCOTT THOMSON.\*

(PUBLISHED BY CAPE.)

A HAPPY idea inspired this interesting and valuable book. Nothing, at first sight, would seem to be duller than domestic accounts; but Miss Scott Thomson has so ably interpreted the financial affairs of a "noble household" in times of great political fluctuation, that figures and balance-sheets take on an intensely human meaning. The life not only of a family, but of a period and of a social system, is vividly reconstructed from the everyday details of a great landowner's business affairs.

The Russell family first came to Woburn Abbey from Chiswick in flight from the plague (which, however, they did not wholly escape). The present record opens with the succession, in 1641, of William, fifth Earl and later first Duke, to the Bedford title and its estates at Woburn, in London and in Devon. He was, from his youth, an interesting character. His first act of manhood was extremely audacious for one in his position; in defiance of his father, he insisted on marrying Anne Carr, a girl of dishonoured parentage. Her father, Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, was the former favourite of James I.; her mother was the self-confessed, cold-blooded murderess of Sir Thomas Overbury; both had barely escaped the scaffold for that notorious crime. William Russell had his way, though not before his father had driven a cruel dowry-bargain (never fulfilled) with the Earl of Somerset, and the match with Anne Carr was a complete success. Of the hero of this romance in later life we catch only intermittent glimpses in Miss Scott Thomson's pages, but they are enough to show a man who was a public figure and a vigorous head of his house. Like every other man of responsible position, he had anxious decisions to make in the years of crisis. A Parliamentarian by tradition—and, indeed, commissioned in the Parliamentary forces—he turned Royalist, and had to remain studiously inconspicuous throughout the Commonwealth. At the Restoration, he, like all others of suspect allegiance, regularised his position by obtaining a Royal Pardon at a price which was extremely welcome to the new King's attenuated coffers. He was no statesman or courtier, but essentially a country gentleman. In times of prosperity he lived well and furnished liberal hospitality; but he was a keen man of business and closely scrutinised all his financial affairs. He was moderately fond of such sports as hawking, bowls, tennis and billiards. Though a great patron of doctors and apothecaries, he seems to have had a remarkably strong constitution and to have been a bad patient; let the enemies of nicotine note that, although a very heavy smoker by the standards of the times, he lived till well over eighty, and had only one serious illness in his life. He seems to have been an entirely loyal husband and a judicious father.

He was a staunch Protestant who took robust pleasure in anti-Popish literature. There is every evidence that he was a just and generous employer. He was of a type more common than is often supposed in the "merry" days; a conventional, steady and conscientious member of the ruling classes, who sympathised with the restored monarchy, but probably looked with distaste on its manners and standards.

The family over which he presided suffered the usual vicissitudes of families. Those implacable scourges, small-pox and typhus, visited it more than once. Little Anne died of eating bright, poisonous berries. The Countess herself, in later life, became a chronic invalid. There was Francis, always delicate, always seeking health—without avail in the end—at foreign spas. There was the graceless younger son, George—quite in the tradition of melodrama—drawing unauthorised bills of exchange on his father from New York. And there was major tragedy and disgrace when the heir-apparent, William, became involved in the Rye House Plot, and died the traitor's death. It was not until 1689, in the first Parliament of William and Mary,

that his attainder was reversed, and the family honour restored and its estates secured.

Financial administration was simply but soundly organised. It revolved round three principal officers. By far the most important of these was the Receiver-General—a treasurer who accounted personally to the Earl for all incomings and outgoings. The Earl had a separate officer of the Privy Purse for his own personal expenditure, though everything went finally through the Receiver-General, who also acted as a legal adviser to his employer. The details of domestic economy were in the hands of a Steward, who was responsible for all supplies and for the domestic staff of about forty men and women servants. (About £600 per annum went out in salaries and wages: footmen received from £2 to £6 a year, daily women domestics five-pence a day.) Under the Steward was an important subordinate, the Clerk of the Kitchen.

The family bank, in charge of the Receiver-General, was the great chest or trunk at Bedford House in the Strand. "That trunk," writes Miss Scott Thomson, "still preserved, was and is an admirable specimen of the money chests of the day. Unlike many of them, however, it had not come from the workshop of an Augsburg or Nuremberg craftsman, but had been made in the Netherlands. . . . The exterior is painted in the characteristic Dutch fashion, squares showing prim landscapes and flowers, roses and tulips. Inside, the beautiful design of the springs of the great double lock which fill the whole of the lid is Spanish in style." Into this strong-box, all income went directly in the form of cash, except the revenues of the West Country estates, which were remitted by bill of exchange payable in Lombard Street. All payments, meticulously supported by vouchers, were similarly drawn out in coin. Practically the whole income was derived from estates, though when the Earl had any considerable surplus, he invested it in an "Adventure" for draining the fens and in loans at about 6 per cent. to private individuals and tradesmen. In times so disturbed, the total income fluctuated considerably, but its average was between £10,000 and £14,000 per annum. Both historians and economists warn us nowadays against any arbitrary translation of older currencies into terms of modern money; but we think we shall not be far wrong in multiplying these sums by about eight in order to obtain an approximate modern equivalent. In other words, the total income of between eighty and a hundred thousand pounds is much the same as we should expect from a very large and prosperous landed estate of the present day. Total annual expenditure Miss Scott Thomson reckons, in normal years, at an average of £9000 (say £72,000 modern). Thus, on Mr. Micawber's well-known principles, the financial policy was sound.

The style of living, though regulated carefully according to variations of income, was, on the whole, lavish, and became more so as the family grew up. There was no false delicacy about relatives who paid frequent visits; they came on a strictly paying-guest basis. Deducting their contributions to household expenses, the average annual bill for food came to the large sum of £900 to £1000 (say, £7500 modern).

The Earl also kept up a large and varied cellar. In most years the Steward laid out well over £200 (say £1600) on wine, mostly imported in cask, through the well-known merchant, Mr. Houblon. This is a very large sum when it is remembered that most of the wine was required for immediate or early consumption. The wine was drawn off into bottles of the old squat shape, but the art of maturing wine in sealed receptacles was not yet known—or, rather, it had been forgotten, for the Ancients were well acquainted with it. The corks of the day were in the nature of loose stoppers far from air-tight, and therefore most of the wines, unless soon drunk, would certainly go sour. The Earl was always ready to try a new wine. From him we have the first mention of "Shably" in England; and he was partial to "Navarre" (the modern Jurançon, little known in this country to-day) and a red "Provence wine," which was probably Châteaufort du Pape, or Red Hermitage. He took at once to two entirely new-fangled wines—port and "Shampagne." The latter, however, cannot have been sparkling, as it was bought in wood; and the port, young and probably unliquored, can have borne only a faint resemblance to the brandied and matured vintage type of to-day.

From time to time the Earl had to face extraordinary expenses, and he did so in the spirit of *noblesse oblige*. His father's funeral cost him £700 (say £5000). All great ceremonial occasions were extremely expensive—Charles II.'s Coronation cost the Earl £1500, his investiture with the Garter £242 in fees alone (with a great deal more for regalia and incidentals), and his Dukedom £1200 in fees and gratuities of extraordinary variety. The expenses of his two sons for six years' travel on the Continent came to the (then) enormous sum of £5000. But the most princely extravagances were those incurred in the Earl's own journeys. It is evident that a nobleman was expected to travel "regardless," providing huge feasts and scattering largess with open hand. In 1689, an innkeeper's bill at Cambridge for "2 dinners and supper" came to the noble sum of £35.

The menu is given in detail; and unless a whole army of guests and retainers was fêted, it is incredible that human beings can have consumed such mountains of food.

Even more interesting than these major expenses are the little day-to-day items.

Miss Scott Thomson takes us through the stables, the gardens, and the library. The elaborate "establishment" of hawks clearly shows that at this period hawking was still the country gentleman's sport *par excellence*. We learn that the Earl's favourite reading was, first, works of piety; and then, the records of great ceremonies, the story of Kings, and "thrillers" about murders and witchcraft. He liked his little luxuries, and was prepared to pay six shillings a pound for coffee, three guineas a pound for tea, half a crown a pound for Virginia tobacco, and as much as twelve shillings a pound for Spanish tobacco. We get a good idea of the incomes of fashionable painters. Lely and Kneller apparently asked between £30 and £50 for a portrait—not inconsiderable, in view of their huge output. Some of the most interesting items are medical. His Lordship was much preoccupied with health. Bleeding (charge, 2s. 6d.) was the sovereign remedy and prophylactic. A common complaint was one called hysteria in women and "melancholy" in men. The Earl himself escaped with

toothaches (cured by the barber for 5s.), corns and minor rheumatisms, for which he took various waters. Wine, tobacco, hawking and bleeding preserved him to a green old age with honour, love, troops of friends!—C. K. A.



THE PRINCIPAL PERSONAGE IN THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: WILLIAM RUSSELL, FIFTH EARL AND FIRST DUKE OF BEDFORD.

From the Painting by Sir Peter Lely at Woburn Abbey. The picture shows the Earl, a man of sixty-three, in his robes as Knight of the Garter. In his left hand is a hat with a white ostrich feather and a black heron's plume in the middle.

Illustrations on this page reproduced from "Life in a Noble Household," by Gladys Scott Thomson. By Courtesy of the Publisher, Jonathan Cape. Portraits by permission of the Duke of Bedford.



WIFE OF THE FIFTH EARL AND FIRST DUKE OF BEDFORD: ANNE, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD, AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE.

From the Painting by Van Dyck at Woburn Abbey. "Van Dyck made three other Russell portraits (besides that of the fourth Earl of Bedford). Only one, that of Anne Carr in her white satin dress with the blue bows, painted on her marriage to the eldest son, is at Woburn."



SON OF LORD RUSSELL OF THORNHAUGH, WHO HUNTED WOLVES WITH THE SPEAR IN IRELAND: FRANCIS RUSSELL, AFTERWARDS FOURTH EARL OF BEDFORD, WITH HIS FALCON AND SPANIELS.

From the Painting by Cornelius van Ceulen at Woburn Abbey.

"The wolf-hunter's son, afterwards fourth Earl of Bedford, had as a boy learned to practise falconry. Cornelius van Ceulen painted a charming portrait of him as a lad of fifteen or sixteen with his falcon—a peregrine—on his wrist and his leashed spaniels."

\* "Life in a Noble Household—1641-1700." By Gladys Scott Thomson, M.A., F.S.A., Somerville College, Oxford. Illustrated. (Jonathan Cape; 12s. 6d.)





"ART THOU ALIVE? OR IS IT FANTASY THAT PLAYS UPON OUR EYESIGHT?"

SEA MONSTERS AND GHOSTLY GALLEYS?—OR WHAT?: A PUZZLE-PICTURE THAT WILL DELUDE THE MANY.

A moonlight night, with a high wind driving clouds rapidly across the sky, casts deep shadows which are accentuated by the paths of light from the lunar rays. In such circumstances the most commonplace objects assume an air of mystery and, when divorced from their surroundings, would puzzle the most keen-eyed as to their identity. To illustrate the fact, the photographer has chosen a subject which, transformed by this subtle magic, presents a scene as from another world. On the

left a vast stretch of water laps the prows of ghostly galleys; on the right queer monsters appear rising from the deeps! From behind a dim mass in the background a jet of flame seems to shoot over the water and descends in a cascade of light. But this, of course, is fantasy. Our readers may have already guessed the secret of our picture—an unusual nocturnal view of the basin of a fountain playing in the Place de la Concorde, Paris.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE VALS.]





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### PARASITISM AND ITS PENALTIES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE history of parasitism, wherein one animal attaches itself to the body of another and batters upon it without destroying it, is a peculiarly interesting one. In some cases, these criminals of the animal

as the praniza-larva. This is the greedy stage, in which the gut becomes so distended with the juices sucked from its host that the anterior segments of the body are so stretched apart as to disappear, though after a moult they temporarily appear again.

Sooner or later, however, there comes the final moult into the adult form, and there are most striking differences between the two sexes. They are so different, one from another, that it was long believed incredible that they could both be derived from the same parentage. The female is a mere receptacle for eggs, for the ovary absorbs all the nourishment left in the gut at the time of the moult of the last larval stage, and fills the whole body—all the other organs, including the gut and the mouth-parts, having vanished, leaving only the muscles and the nervous system.

The male differs from his mate in the most astonishing way. All the food in the gut present in the last larval stage

fasting. Yet their latter days must pass pleasantly in spite of this, for they are to be found, plentifully, with the larvæ when not feeding, disporting themselves among the seaweeds.

And now let me turn to another crustacean, wherein the evil habit of parasitism has brought to pass a state of affairs of a far more drastic character. They throw, indeed, a lurid light on the consequences of seeking a life of slothful ease at the expense of a conveniently near neighbour. This is the case of *Lerneæ*, which belongs to that group of crustacea known as the Copepoda, tiny creatures, some of which live in fresh water, such as *Cyclops*, which often swarms in ponds.

Like all other crustacea, *Lerneæ* begins life as a tiny, free-swimming animal, known at this stage as a *Nauplius*. Presently it attaches itself to the gills of one of the flat-fishes—a flounder or a plaice, for example—when its limbs become reduced to mere stumps. After passing some time in this condition, it re-acquires the power of swimming and leaves its host. At this stage both sexes become mature, and the reproduction stage is reached. The males, having discharged their function, die. But the female has yet to mature the eggs, and for this purpose again becomes parasitic, this time seeking a new host—a cod or a haddock, and, settling down on the gills, develops at first an enormously long tail, at the end of a body which still retains a general likeness to a Copepod. Presently, however, this is lost, and she assumes the form of a long, tubular body bent into an S-shape, with a number of root-like outgrowths at the head end to form an anchorage, and at the tail-end a pair of long, coiled tubes containing the eggs.

No less remarkable is *Chondracanthus*, another species of this tribe Copepoda, which is parasitic on the gills of angler-fish. The female, about half an inch long, bears no resemblance to a crustacean; for it has a curious, sucker-like mouth, looking like a knob with a deep pit in its centre, and behind this a large, fleshy, oval body, bearing on each side a number of flattened plates with fringed margins. These were once legs. At the hinder end of the body, two great sausage-shaped bags contain the eggs. Just at the point where these are attached, a minute, maggot-like object will be found, and this is the male! Enough has been said to illustrate a very strange aspect of life in some of the "lower orders of creation," unknown, and unsuspected by most people, yet well worth noting.



A PARASITE WHICH LEAVES ITS HOST (A FISH) WHEN FED AND RETURNS TO THE WEEDS: TWO LARVAL STAGES OF *GNATHIA MAXILLARIS*—ON THE LEFT, THE FIRST STAGE, AND ON THE RIGHT THE SECOND (OR, PRANIZA) STAGE, WHEN THE BODY BECOMES SO DISTENDED WITH FOOD THAT THE SEGMENTS OF THE FORE-PART DISAPPEAR.

world live their evil lives on the surface of the body of their victim; in others—and these are more numerous—they live *within* its body. Only a very few among the vertebrates, or backboned animals, lead such depraved lives, and these present some interesting stages in the development of this degenerate course of life. For the most part, however, these undesirables are invertebrates, belonging to widely different types of animals. But a surprising number are to be found among the crustacea.

How such a mode of life came into existence is by no means easy to arrive at. It may be that, being by nature no great travellers, they found an easy means of transport by seizing hold of some more active type, either of their own tribe or of some member higher in the scale of life. And having thus found that the creature which afforded foothold afforded meat as well, they became, henceforth, external parasites, and there is but a step between this and internal parasitism. But this changed mode of life, giving easement from the search for food, brought severe penalties with it. For the limbs, from lack of use, degenerated; though in many species one pair at least have undergone a change of form to serve as hooks, or "hold-fasts," to their victim.

A good illustration of these sequences is furnished by that singular creature *Gnathia maxillaris*. For it is a "border-land" species, since, though a parasite, it still leads a partially free existence. What is behind this freedom has yet to be discovered. But it is found, both in its larval and adult stages, in considerable numbers among the seaweed *Poseidonia cavolinii* in the Bay of Naples. The larva, in its earliest stage, has the body, behind the head, formed by a number of distinct segments, or bands, four of which bear walking-legs. Behind the last limb-bearing segment are a number of smaller segments, terminating in a tail-fin. When hungry, it seems, it fastens on a passing fish, and by means of lancet-like jaws sucks up its blood, relaxing its hold to frolic among the weeds till hungry again. But after a time it undergoes a moult, and changes into what is known



THE REMARKABLE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE ADULT MALE AND FEMALE OF *GNATHIA*: ON THE LEFT, THE FEMALE, WHICH BECOMES NOTHING BUT A BAG OF EGGS, THE MOUTH AND FOOD CANAL HAVING DISAPPEARED; AND, ON THE RIGHT, THE MALE, SHOWING THE GREAT HEAD, FORMED FROM THE HINDER-PART OF THE LARVAL HEAD, AND THE LARGE JAWS WHOSE FUNCTION IS UNKNOWN, AS THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS HAVE VANISHED.

has been transferred to the liver, and no more meals are possible. To judge from the formidable size of the nippers, or front jaws, this seems surprising. But though the experts are certain that they are not, and cannot be, used for feeding, they are unable to say what function they perform. But more than this: the creature has grown a new head! At the last larval moult the fore-part of the head and its stylets were cast away, and out of its hinder half this great square head, with its large eyes and formidable-looking nippers, was developed!

The like of this amazing transformation is not to be found in any other crustacean, or any of the great group "Arthropoda," or jointed animals, to which it belongs. The segmentation of the body, it will be noticed, has also undergone material and unaccountable changes.

Both sexes, in this adult stage, have ceased to be parasitic. This, indeed, obviously must be so, since they have no means of ingesting food, but must spend the rest of life



A PARASITE, THE FEMALE OF WHICH CHANGES ITS FORM COMPLETELY IN THE FINAL STAGE: THE ADULT MALE (RIGHT) OF *LERNEÆ*, WHICH DIES AFTER FERTILISING THE EGGS, AND THE FEMALE (LEFT), WHICH FASTENS UPON THE GILLS OF A COD OR HADDOCK AND SLOWLY, AS THE FERTILISED EGGS DEVELOP, ASSUMES A TUBULAR FORM BEARING NO SORT OF LIKENESS TO A CRUSTACEAN.



## AN OCTOPUS'S FAMILY OF A QUARTER OF A MILLION:

A SUCCESSFUL HATCHING AT THE SYDNEY AQUARIUM—  
A VERY RARE EVENT UNDER ARTIFICIAL CONDITIONS.

THE very rare case of an octopus successfully hatching a brood of eggs under the artificial conditions of the aquarium occurred recently at the Sydney Zoo at Taronga Park. In the course of his morning's inspection, the keeper of the octopus tank found several rocks which had changed position overnight and lurking behind them, protected from the prying eyes of visitors, was the octopus with her eggs. The eggs hung in a huge cluster of tiny white mucus-surrounded globules, and were firmly fastened to the flat rock by a series of tough sinews. It was considered impossible for an octopus to hatch her eggs in captivity. The rise and fall of the tide, for one thing, was thought to be absolutely essential. For another, the absence of tiny microscopic life that

*(Continued below.)*



(RIGHT) THE EXTREMELY RARE CASE OF AN OCTOPUS SUCCESSFULLY HATCHING OUT HER BROOD OF EGGS IN CAPTIVITY: THE ANIMAL IN THE AQUARIUM AT TARONGA PARK, SYDNEY; WITH THE CLUSTER OF EGGS ATTACHED TO THE ROCK ON THE LEFT.



deeper waters of the shark-pool. Under normal conditions, it is more than probable that the bulk of a vast family such as this would suffer extermination before coming to maturity. Probably of the entire brood, not more than three or four would survive, otherwise the ocean would speedily become over-run with octopod creatures. This theory was borne out at Taronga Park. Fish in the shark pool fought frenziedly for the octopus tit-bits that had come their way. Fish, more than likely, take the major portion of the octopus brood, while a fair percentage of the remainder die from natural causes. In the aquarium, however, there are still many thousands of the young swimming about in an apparently healthy condition. It will take probably six months to a year before the young octopuses begin to show signs of full development. At the present stage it is impossible to select the potential adult octopuses from those that may die. The aquarium authorities are carefully fostering all in an effort to save, for scientific purposes, at least a few of the young.

(LEFT) A FEROCIOUS MOTHER WHO CAREFULLY TENDED HER BROOD OF A QUARTER OF A MILLION EGGS FOR TWO MONTHS: THE OCTOPUS IN THE SYDNEY AQUARIUM PROJECTING STREAMS OF AERATED WATER OVER THE EGG-CLUSTER (RIGHT CENTRE).

abounds in the waters of the animal's natural haunts was also thought to forbid any chance of the eggs developing. With her tentacles spread across her brood of eggs, the mother continuously circulated blasts of aerated water from her powerful "bellows" round the eggs. Two months passed, yet the mother still showed no dangerous decline in condition. One morning, she was seen to be blowing with added vigour. The tank was clouded. It was not until a closer inspection was made that the white, cloudy scum revealed itself as a multitude of tiny young octopuses. With every blast from the mother's "bellows," more young were sent wriggling into the tank. The young were about the size of a small pin-head, eight minute arms protruding from an almost invisible body, whose eyes were by far the most dominating feature. They shot straight to the top of the tank. After microscopic inspection the water was estimated by the overseer of the aquarium to contain at least a quarter of a million octopuses. Before the arrival of the young had been discovered, at least several thousand of them had been caught in the overflow from the tank and passed into the

*(Continued above.)*



(RIGHT) THE EGG CLUSTER OF THE OCTOPUS: MASSES OF MINUTE, WHITE GLOBULES ATTACHED TO A ROCK BY SINEWS; AND CAREFULLY TENDED BY THEIR MOTHER UNTIL HATCHED.



## LITTLE-KNOWN PAINTED CHURCHES OF CYPRUS.

NEW LIGHT ON CHRISTIAN ART IN THE LATER MIDDLE AGES: A WEALTH OF WALL-PAINTINGS OF THE 13TH AND SUBSEQUENT CENTURIES. REPRESENTING FOUR DISTINCT CULTURES—BYZANTINE, ORIENTAL, FRANKISH, AND VENETIAN.

By ANTHONY STEEL, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. (See Illustrations on the three succeeding pages.)

"THE richness of Cyprus in 'painted churches,'" wrote Sir Charles Peers in 1934,\* "must be seen to be believed. The most remote and unpretending of buildings in the mountain villages may be found to preserve a complete scheme of paintings both within and without, and to this must be added the gorgeously coloured iconostases, all red and gold, and the hundreds of icons which may be found in any of them." The wall-paintings vary in date from the thirteenth to the seventeenth and later centuries. They represent four distinct cultures, sometimes fused, sometimes superimposed, Byzantine, Oriental, Frankish, Venetian. Those familiar with the work of Professor Talbot Rice and of other recent students of art history, will not be slow to realise their importance in attacking the difficult problem of the relations between Eastern and Byzantine painting, Italian masters such as Duccio and Giotto, and, finally, El Greco.

Hitherto, Cypriot work has perhaps been too lightly dismissed as "provincial Byzantine," without sufficient weight being given to the local interactions of the Greek and Oriental with the strong French and Italian influences of the later Middle Ages. To quote Sir Charles Peers again: "Byzantine technique has through the centuries remained the natural expression of Cypriot Christianity, yet the effects of the introduction of Western Gothic design offer, as is the way with hybrids, a number of problems of quite exceptional interest."

But the wall-paintings of Cyprus must not be judged by the familiar and accessible fragments of frescoes to be seen in Famagusta, the most visited and, from other points of view, the most rightly visited town in the island. In the first place, Famagusta was essentially a foreign enclave in a Greek island, and its churches, by being predominantly Western, reverse the usual Cypriot relation between Greek and Western art, while, in the second place, their paintings have of recent years fallen into a sad and discouraging state of disrepair. Mr. John Hilton, until recently Director of Antiquities in Cyprus, to whom I owe much kindness and one of my best photographs, has quite lately achieved excellent results upon a few of them in the way of bringing out the colours and preserving them from further damage by the skilful use of wax, but it must be confessed that they are now very far from being what they were when Enlart visited and described them over forty years ago.

The same is unfortunately true of the famous royal chapel at Pyrga, also vividly described by Enlart, with its portraits of the fifteenth-century King Janus and his Queen, and its memories of the disastrous battle of Khirokitia hard by, in which Janus was defeated (1426) and taken prisoner by the Sultan of Egypt, to whom the whole land remained tributary for many years. Pyrga is now easily visited from Nicosia in a motor-run of under twenty miles, practically all on tarmac, but it is undeniable that the visitor may feel some natural disappointment when he gets there, in spite of the £100 just spent, at the request of an individual benefactor, on the preservation of this tiny building. The point I wish to stress, then, is that neither the well-known churches of Famagusta nor the almost equally well-known chapel at Pyrga offer any real indication of the riches Cyprus has in store—they are at once too Latin and, unhappily, too decayed.

It is true that a better impression of those riches may be gained from an authority to whom I am personally much indebted, namely, Mr. W. H. Buckler, whose brilliant publications of mountain churches at Galata and (especially) Asinou, appeared in the "Journal of Hellenic Studies" (1933), and in "Archæologia" (1934), but these are not in everybody's hands, and, as Mr. Buckler himself has been the first to recognise, they represent only a fraction of the material available. There are at least seven or eight other totally unpublished churches of scarcely inferior interest in the same small district, that around Kakopetria, one of the loveliest villages in Cyprus, where the main road from Nicosia begins to climb steeply through the forest in an apparently endless series of hairpin turns

to the summer resort of Tróodos, which lies at a height of no less than 6000 ft. above sea-level. One of these churches (Fig. 1), dedicated to the Theotokos (Mother of God) and standing hard by the road and practically in the village, is of special importance for its inscribed and dated portrait of the sixteenth-century donors rendered in an almost purely Western style, whereas the

other paintings in the church for which they paid are even at this late date in the traditional Byzantine manner.

In the next valley westward, that of the Marathassa torrent, beside which runs the road from Lefka to Prodhromos, there are at least three or four more ancient painted churches, one of them, the twin church of St. John Lampadistes at Kalopanayiotis, with its separate Greek and Latin chapels,

being of the very first importance (Figs. 2, 5 and 6). "Both parts are fully painted," notes Sir Charles Peers, "and the contrast of styles is most instructive, for much of the work in the Latin church would in Western surroundings pass for Byzantine, though in strong contrast with the fully Byzantine manner of the Orthodox church. There are, however, passages of purely Western drawing . . . where the perspective is quite Italian, such as should date from the end of the fifteenth century."

All these churches lie on the northern slopes of the Tróodos range, mostly at an altitude of 1500 to 3000 feet. Higher up and rather further to the east are the seventeenth-century church of the Soteris (Saviour) in Palaokhorio, and, most brilliant of all, the unequalled late twelfth-century treasure of the Panayia tou Arakou near Lagoudhera, containing, besides much early work, two fifteenth-century paintings by a great master, comparable to the men who worked in the Pantanassa at Mistra (Figs 9 to 15, on pages 214 and 215). The southern side of the Tróodos range is not so rich as this, yet there is another double church, Greek and Latin, of great interest, just over the watershed at Pelendri, while Kolossi, down by the sea, contains not only the much-visited tower of the Hospitallers, but also, only a stone's throw from it, a little-painted Greek church dedicated to the soldier saint Eustace, and probably used as a chapel by the knights—there are the arms of the Grand Commander Louis de Magnac on the arch of the apse—during their occupation of the *chiftlik*.

Further west along the coast the isolated Paphos district is also comparatively rich in paintings. I owe to Mr. Rupert Gunnis, then Inspector of Antiquities, among many other kindnesses, my direction to a tumbledown little monastic chapel standing on a scrub-covered hillside three miles inland from the famous temple of the Paphian Aphrodite at Kouklia; in spite of its unpromising exterior, it contains a dozen paintings of great interest, including a particularly vivid Old Testament Trinity (Fig. 4). But it is totally unroofed and ruinous, so that, unless it receives attention very shortly, the paintings will not be there much longer (Fig. 3). The churches at Emba and at the famous monastery of St. Neophytos are better known, though some of them, notably Emba, have been wholly or partly ruined by crude repainting; for it is unfortunately true that the modern Cypriot has seldom much idea of any middle course between total neglect and murderous restoration. One of the saddest cases in this district is the village of Letymbou, whose many churches roused the admiration, rare in this respect, of D. G. Hogarth, yet they have all been defaced in quite recent times with whitewash, and the incident can be paralleled from the post-war history of churches (other than that of the Soteris) at Palaokhorio.

The list could be prolonged: there is, for instance, the remote and lovely monastery church (no longer used as such, but kept in good repair) of Antiphonitis on the north coast, twenty-eight miles east of Kyrenia, and grandly situated in a glen overlooking the Karamanian Sea (Fig. 7). It contains a remarkable fresco of the Tree of Jesse and substantial traces of a fine Pantokrator (Christ in Judgment) in the dome (Fig. 8). In the same direction, but south of the mountain chain and only half the distance from Kyrenia, is the ruined Panayia (Virgin) of Koutsoventis, only a few yards from the fairly prosperous monastery of St. Chrysostom, and the beginning of the precipitous ascent to the Castle of Buffavento. This church is not only roofless, but in the last stages of collapse, yet there are still four or five paintings somehow adhering to the weather-beaten walls, including the beautiful Entombment, a photograph of which was reproduced (the sole photograph of a painting) in the appeal for funds launched by the Cyprus Committee.

The question is, what is to be done? With the exception of Koutsoventis and the little monastery near Kouklia, not many of these churches are actually in an urgent state of disrepair, but they nearly all need architectural attention of some kind, and protection from the heavy winter rains; and it is moreover necessary that the tragedy of Letymbou should never be repeated. The main treasure, on which a close watch should be kept, is undoubtedly at Lagoudhera, a village nearly 4000 feet up, forty-two miles south-west of Nicosia, and in winter almost inaccessible. Other churches more in need of actual expenditure than the Panayia tou Arakou near Lagoudhera, which is fortunately in fairly good condition and is always kept locked, may possibly receive some little attention from a Department of Antiquities that is still hopelessly short of funds and struggling with innumerable claims for precedence, but such attention cannot be definitely assured. Is it too much to hope that some private benefactor may come forward with a special benefaction earmarked, as in the case of Pyrga, for the protection of a special church or churches?



FIG. 1. SHOWING THE MASSIVE EAVES OVER THE APSE DESIGNED TO AFFORD PROTECTION AGAINST THE WINTER RAINS: THE LITTLE-USED CHAPEL OF THE THEOTOKOS (MOTHER OF GOD), A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN CHURCH IN THE DISTRICT OF KAKOPETRIA, CYPRUS.



FIG. 2. "THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM": A WALL-PAINTING IN THE GREEK CHAPEL OF THE TWIN (GREEK AND LATIN) CHURCH OF ST. JOHN LAMPADISTES AT KALOPANAYIOTIS, PROBABLY PAINTED IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY AND SHOWING STRONG ORIENTAL INFLUENCES, AS IN THE TURBANED FIGURES ON THE RIGHT.

\* "A Report on the Present Position of the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Cyprus," April, 1934, deposited in the British Museum.



## UNKNOWN CHRISTIAN ART TREASURES IN CYPRUS: WALL-PAINTINGS IN REMOTE RURAL CHURCHES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. A. STEEL. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



FIG. 3. ROOFLESS AND DESERTED, BUT CONTAINING PAINTINGS DATED ABOUT 1500, INCLUDING THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 4 (ADJOINING): A TUMBLEDOWN LITTLE MONASTIC CHAPEL, DEDICATED TO ST. CONSTANTINOS, NEAR KOUKLIA.



FIG. 4. ONE OF THE DECAYED PAINTINGS IN THE DESERTED CHAPEL SHOWN IN FIG. 3 (ADJOINING): AN OLD TESTAMENT INCIDENT (ABRAHAM AND SARAH ENTERTAINING TWO ANGELS), A FAVOURITE BYZANTINE THEME—(BELOW) THE NAPKIN OF ST. VERONICA.



FIG. 5. POSSIBLY BELONGING TO THE ORTHODOX REVIVAL UNDER TURKISH RULE: "THE VIRGIN LIGHTING THE WORLD," IN THE LATIN CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN LAMPADISTES AT KALOPANAYIOTIS (SEE FIG. 2), IN A BLEND OF BYZANTINE-ITALIANATE STYLES.

HERE and on the next two pages we illustrate further examples of the wall-paintings in Cypriot churches described by Mr. Anthony Steel in his article opposite. He has gone far afield, securing photographs of many remarkable paintings in remote rural churches and monastery chapels, never hitherto published. Those reproduced on this page come from the ruined chapel of St. Constantinos, near Kouklia (Figs. 3 and 4); the Latin Chapel of the twin church of St. John Lampadistes at Kalopanayiotis (Figs. 5 and 6); and the monastic church of the Panayia (Virgin) at Antiphonitis.



FIG. 6. FROM THE SAME CHAPEL AS FIG. 5: PART OF THE BARREL-VAULTED CEILING—A STRANGELY WESTERN DESIGN, PAINTED TO RESEMBLE RIBS AND BOSSES AND CONTAINING BUSTS OF THE APOSTLES ON A BLUE GROUND INTERSPERSED WITH CHERUBIM IN RED.



FIG. 7. "GRANDLY SITUATED IN A GLEN OVERLOOKING THE KARAMANIAN SEA," AND DEDICATED TO THE PANAYIA (VIRGIN): THE MONASTIC CHURCH OF ANTIPHONITIS, NOW DISUSED, BUT KEPT WEATHERPROOF BY ITS OWNERS, THE MONKS OF KYKKO.

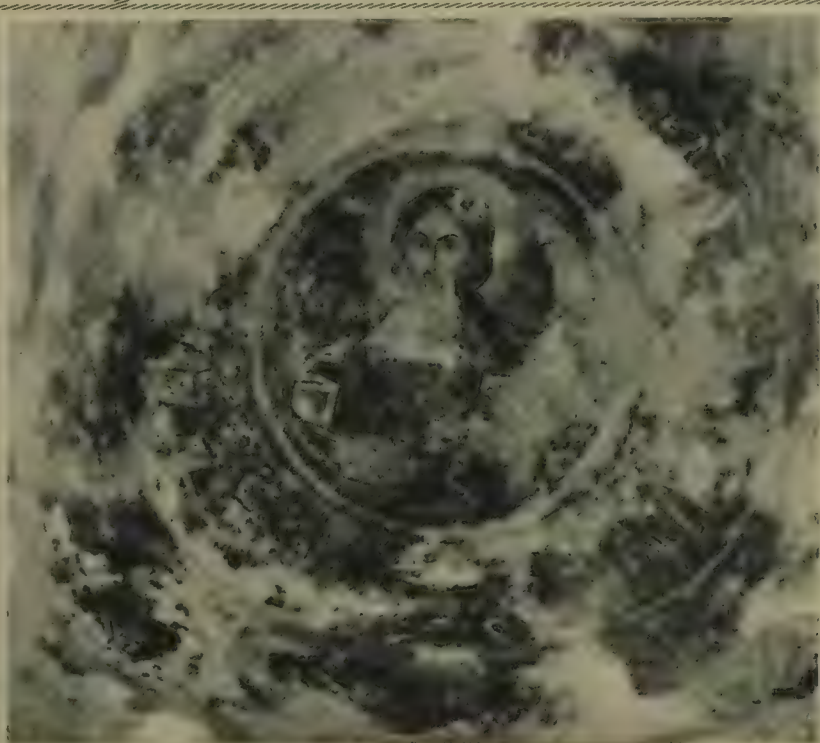


FIG. 8. TRACES OF A FINE "PANTOKRATOR" ("CHRIST IN JUDGMENT") INSIDE THE DOME AT ANTIPHONITIS (SEE FIG. 7 ADJOINING): A PAINTING IN GOLD AND SEPIA ON A DARK GREEN AND BLUE BACKGROUND, BADLY DAMAGED BY DAMP BEFORE THE ROOF WAS REPAIRED.



# MASTERPIECES OF CHRISTIAN ART IN A TWELFTH-CENTURY CYPRUS CHURCH: UNEQUALLED AND LITTLE-KNOWN PAINTINGS.

(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 212.)



FIG. 9. RICH INTERIOR DECORATION IN THE CHURCH OF THE PANAGIA (VIRGIN), LAGOUDEIRA: THE MAGNIFICENT "PANTOKRATOR" ("CHRIST IN JUDGMENT") SURROUNDED BY ANGELS, IN THE LITTLE DOME BARELY VISIBLE FROM OUTSIDE BENEATH ITS SEPARATE EAVES.



FIG. 11. SHOWING PART OF THE SLENDRI SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ICONOSTASIS (EAST) PAINTINGS ON THE SOUTH WALL OF THE CHURCH OF THE PANAGIA, INCLUDING (NEAR THE TOP) THE DEDICATION OF THE VIRGIN (EVEN CLOSER IN FIG. 13).



FIG. 12. CONTAINING THE WONDERFUL PAINTINGS HERE REPRODUCED: THE TWELFTH-CENTURY CHURCH OF THE PANAGIA (RIGHT), WITH A BIRD-LIKE ROOF ADDED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY—SHOWING ALSO A LATE MONASTIC BUILDING (LEFT), NOW A FARM.



FIG. 10. REPAINTED BUT RETAINING THE MEDIAEVAL DRAGHTOMANSHIP: AN ANGEL ANNOUNCING THE RESURRECTION, AND (ABOVE) THE RISEN CHRIST, BEHIND THE ICONOSTASIS (LEFT) ON THE NORTHERN SPRINGING OF THE SANCTUARY ARCH.

IN his article on page 212 describing the painted churches of Cyprus, Mr. Anthony Steel calls that containing the works here reproduced the "most brilliant of all." In a further explanatory note he adds: "One of the principal glories of Cyprus, but little known or visited, is the superbly painted twelfth-century monastic church dedicated to the Panagia (Virgin) of Arakos, near the mountain village of Lagoudeira. The dedicatory

(Continued on right.)



FIG. 13. WITH SUPERB DAWN-BLUE BACKGROUND AND LONG, ATTENUATED FIGURES: THE "DORMITION OF THE VIRGIN" ON THE SOUTH WALL OF THE CHURCH (SHOWN ALSO IN FIG. 11)—A COMPANION PAINTING TO THE "DEDICATION" (FIG. 14) ON THE NORTH WALL.



FIG. 14. "THE DEDICATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE": A SEMI-ITALIANATE MASTERPIECE IN PREDOMINANTLY PASTEL SHADES OF PINK AND BLUE, PERHAPS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, AND RECALLING PAINTINGS AT MISTRA (WITH AN INSCRIPTION BELOW DATED 1193), ON THE NORTH WALL OF THE CHURCH OF THE PANAGIA.

inscription, dated December 1193, reads: 'The sacred church of the most holy Mother of God of Arakos was painted through the contribution and great devotion of the lord Leon our master in the month of December of the eleventh indiction and year 6701' (reckoned from the Creation in the Greek style). The surviving paintings are, however, undoubtedly much later than the church and are not homogeneous. It is clear that there are three or four distinct styles, varying in date from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries. The church itself, which is still in occasional use and contains a bishop's throne, lies in a sheltered fold of the mountains about three-quarters of a mile from the village, situated in a high valley famous for its fertility and nut-trees. Nothing is known of Leon or of the meaning of the word 'Arakos,' unless it is identical with ἀρακος, Cypriot Greek for a green pea."



FIG. 15. PERHAPS CONTEMPORARY WITH THE WILTON DIPTYCH (RECALLED BY THE MODELLING AND GROUPING OF THE ANGELS' WINGS): AN EARLY "NATIVITY," SHOWING THE MARY, JOSEPH, AND THE SHEPHERDS, AND THE WASHING OF THE NEW-BORN CHILD, IN THE CHURCH OF THE PANAGIA.



## A DISCOVERY LINKED WITH A HAT - FEATHER.

AN UNKNOWN "CONGO PEACOCK" -  
FOUND HIDDEN IN A MUSEUM.

By DAVID A. BANNERMAN.

THE recent discovery of two "stuffed" specimens of an entirely new peacock-like bird stored away in the corridor of a museum in Belgium sounds almost like a fairy-tale. The birds, which had been mounted some thirty-five years ago, were recognised as something new

definitely that *Pavo cristatus* is the nearest living relative of this remarkable bird until Dr. Percy Lowe, or some equally qualified avian anatomist, is enabled to carry out an investigation of its entire structure. From examination of the mounted specimens alone, everything points to

Dr. Chapin's original diagnosis as to its affinities being correct. Up to the present we have very few clues as to where this "Congo Peacock" is likely to be encountered in the great equatorial forest of the Belgian Congo. The stuffed specimens bore no label of locality, but, from the fact that the birds came into the possession of the Compagnie du Kasai, we may infer that they *did* occur in the southern part of the forest belt. News of what appeared to be a similar bird having been shot and eaten comes from the Ituri forests, and it is to the Eastern Congo forest that Dr. Chapin hopes shortly to return to begin his search for the bird. Certain it is that if any man is successful in this quest it will be Dr. Chapin himself, for he has already many adventurous journeys in the Congo forests to his credit. His knowledge of the bird life of the Congo is probably unrivalled, and, with the help of the natives (but, we suspect, not without), he may hope to run his quarry to earth.

A word of warning may perhaps be given to former travellers in the Congo who remember having eaten or seen a bird locally known to some as "the peacock." This, in point of fact, is no gallinaceous bird, but the Great Crested Touraco (*Corythæola cristata*), a magnificent creature in its resplendent plumage of azure blue with grass-green breast, chestnut thighs, broad yellow, blue and black tail, and a head crowned by a crest of black plumes. It is a noisy species, well known to many in both East and West Africa, but having no possible excuse to be named a "peacock" and with habits as opposite to what we know the Oriental peacocks to possess as can well be imagined.

The name must now be restricted

London News, as no detailed description of it has been published in England. The male is about the size of a guinea-fowl—the forehead, sides of the crown, nape, and chin are covered with short blackish feathers, the middle of the crown being occupied by the bare patch from which rise the short whitish bristles already referred to. At the posterior end of the patch is the vertical crest of narrow black feathers, about fourteen in number, the longest measuring 35 mm. The back of the neck is covered with black downy feathers, but the lower part of



THE STUFFED SPECIMEN OF THE MALE CONGO PEACOCK, SHOWING THE ENORMOUS SPUR.

The astonishing discovery, made by Dr. Chapin in a museum in Belgium and described by Mr. Bannerman on this page, of the new peacock-like bird now named *Afropavo congenis*, provides the final link with a feather which Dr. Chapin took from a native's head-dress in the Belgian Congo twenty-four years ago, and had hitherto been unable to identify with any known bird.

by the resemblance of one of their secondary wing-feathers to a single feather which, twenty-four years previously, had been taken from the hat of a native in the Belgian Congo.

Dr. James P. Chapin, the American naturalist who had taken the feather from the native's hat, had never been able to identify that feather until chance took him through a little-used corridor of the Musée du Congo Belge, where rested its counterpart in the wing of the discarded "peafowl." Investigation proved that the two specimens, so long supposed to be male and female of the Common Peacock (*Pavo cristatus*), had indeed been trapped in the Great Congo Forest. It is a curious coincidence that almost at the same time Sir Harry Johnston was shown, in the same forest, a native waist-belt made from the skin of the then unknown okapi—the first tangible clue to the existence of that remarkable animal.

From that day to this, no one has ever suspected that a relative of the peacock—a native of India, Burma, and Ceylon—would be found in Africa, but nothing seems to be more true than the old saying "*Ex Africa semper aliquid novi*." Tales could be multiplied of the curious African discoveries which have come to light within recent years in the Bird World alone. *Afropavo congenis* is one more unexpected link between the avifauna of Africa and the Orient, as already instanced by the presence of Broadbills (*Eurylemidae*). The most singular feature of the "Congo Peacock," which lacks the usual "eye-spots" and "train" of the Eastern bird, is a bare patch on the crown immediately in front of the ornamental crest, which latter is webbed to the base—a characteristic which it shares with the Burmese Peacock (*Pavo muticus*). This bare patch, clearly shown in the accompanying photograph, is very curious; it is covered with very short tufts of pale-coloured, bristle-like, specialised plumes embedded in the sub-epidermic tissues to the astonishing depth of



THE CONGO PEACOCK'S MOST SINGULAR FEATURE: A VIEW OF THE HEAD; SHOWING THE BARE PATCH ON THE CROWN, IN FRONT OF THE CREST, COVERED WITH SHORT TUFTS OF WHITISH BRISTLE-LIKE SPECIALISED PLUMES EMBEDDED 20 MM. DEEP IN THE SUB-EPIDERMIC TISSUES.

to the bird illustrated on this page, *Afropavo congenis*—a new genus having been created in which to place it. The technical description was published in the Belgian Journal "*Revue de Zoologie et de Botanique Africaines*," to the Editor of which (Dr. Schouteden, Director of the Musée du Congo Belge) I am indebted for permission to use the photographs here reproduced.

A brief description of the male, and what we conclude is the female, may be of interest to readers of *The Illustrated*



THE SUPPOSED ADULT FEMALE CONGO PEACOCK, WHICH HAS NO SPURS, IS SMALLER THAN THE MALE, AND IS MAINLY REDDISH-BROWN IN COLOUR: THE SECOND SPECIMEN FOUND IN THE MUSÉE DU CONGO BELGE.

The two specimens illustrated, which were stored away in a museum corridor, were thought to be the male and female of the Common Peacock (*Pavo cristatus*), but are actually an adult male and a probable female of an entirely new bird allied to the peacocks which has been named *Afropavo congenis*. It has never been suspected that a member of the peacock family, whose home is India, Ceylon and Burma, existed in Africa, and it is interesting to speculate how it became established there.

the throat in this old specimen is nearly bare. The back and rump is dark brown, stippled with blackish and glossed with dull dark green. The wings are brownish black, with glossy violet tips to some of the coverts. The neck and chest are black, with violet reflections and a touch of green, the green reflections becoming more pronounced on the lower breast. The rest of the under-parts are blackish, glossed with dark green. As will be seen in the photograph, the male bird has an enormous spur, but the other bird, which may be an adult female, has none. It is rather smaller than the male, and mainly reddish-brown in colour, the feathers of the crown rufous, and the bare crown patch smaller. It, too, is crested, the longest plume being 29 mm. The whole back is conspicuously glossed with metallic green, the middle parts of the feathers being blackish brown with buff markings. The wings are mostly rufous with faint green reflections, a conspicuous feature being the secondaries barred black and rufous—the feathers which gave the clue to Dr. Chapin. On the under-parts the fore-neck and chest are rufous faintly barred with blackish, the belly and rest

of under-parts blackish, but the flanks barred. If any traveller in the Belgian Congo believes he has seen traces of such a bird, particulars would be welcomed by the writer of this article. This, and the finding of that amazing Broadbill (*Pseudocalyptomena graueri*) in 1908, must rank as two of the most remarkable discoveries which have taken place in Africa during the last fifty years. Who knows what may turn up next.

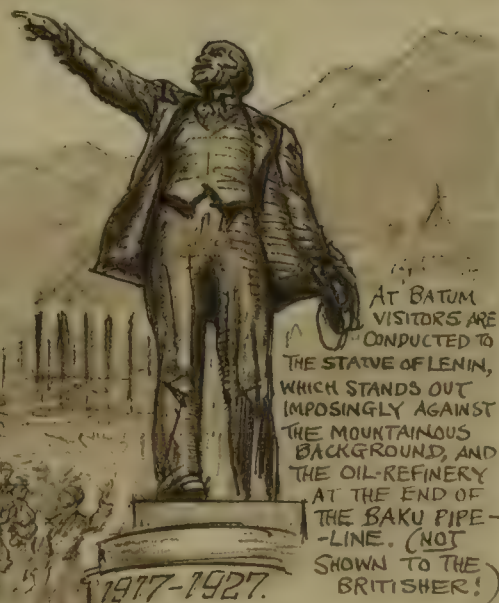


# THE FIRST BRITISH TOURISTS AT SOVIET PORTS ON THE BLACK SEA.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU. (SEE ALSO PAGES 213 AND 219.)



ON ARRIVAL IN SOVIET BLACK SEA PORTS, THE SHIP IS INVADDED BY A HORDE OF OFFICIALS OF BOTH SEXES, AND BEFORE PASSENGERS ARE ALLOWED ASHORE THEY ARE CLOSELY SCRUTINISED, THEIR CREDENTIALS NOTED, THEIR PASSPORTS TAKEN AWAY AND EXCHANGED FOR SPECIAL PERMITS, AND ALL BINOCULARS AND CAMERAS CHECKED. ANYONE SUSPECTED OF BEING NOT 'PERSONA GRATA' IS CONFINED TO THE SHIP. THEN, CLOSELY SHEPHERDED BY OFFICIALS FROM MOSCOW, PASSENGERS ARE ALLOWED TO SET FOOT IN THE U.S.S.R.



AT BATUM VISITORS ARE CONDUCTED TO THE STATUE OF LENIN, WHICH STANDS OUT IMPOSINGLY AGAINST THE MOUNTAINOUS BACKGROUND, AND THE OIL-REFINERY AT THE END OF THE BAKU PIPE-LINE. (NOT SHOWN TO THE BRITISHER!)



TO SEE THE BRITISH BOURGEOISIE FOR THE FIRST TIME WAS A MIGHTY THRILL FOR THE COMRADES OF THE CAUCASUS, BUT IT WAS THEIR VISITORS' SHOES, NEVER BEFORE KNOWN IN THESE PARTS, THAT DREW MOST ATTENTION!

ALL RAILWAYS ARE STRICTLY GUARDED BY SOLDIERS, AND, EVEN WHEN THE LITTLE SUMMER COAST TRAIN MAKES ITS FREQUENT HALTS, COSSACKS APPEAR BY MAGIC TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE TOURIST.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU -  
R.M.L. ATLANTIS  
BLACK SEA. U.S.S.R.



FREE AND UNLIMITED CAVIAR & RUSSIAN TEA ARE PROVIDED AT EVERY MEAL AT THE INTOURIST RESTAURANTS, BUT THE STRANGER,

INSISTING ON A LEMON FOUND THAT IT COST FIVE SHILLINGS-ENGLISH MONEY!



ON RETURNING TO THE SHIP, TOO ENERGETIC CINE-CAMERA ENTHUSIASTS RECEIVE A SHOCK WHEN THEY FIND THAT THEIR EFFORTS ARE SUSPECT AND THAT FILMS MUST BE SENT TO MOSCOW TO BE PASSED AS HARMLESS!

BRITISH VISITORS ALLOWED IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE 1917 REVOLUTION: OBJECTS OF DEEP INTEREST TO THE LOCAL POPULATION, AND CLOSE SCRUTINY BY SOVIET OFFICIALS—OUR ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF TYPICAL SCENES.

"For the first time since the Revolution," writes our artist in a note on his drawing, "British tourists were allowed to land in the south-eastern States of Soviet Russia. The Royal Mail lines received permission from the Soviet Government for passengers of the 'Atlantis,' during a recent cruise to the Black Sea, to disembark and travel through the Caucasus. Officials of the Intourist Bureau from Moscow took control of the visitors at Batum, and the formalities before landing were very strict. On shore the strangers were never out of sight of escort. The Black Sea ports are sub-tropical, and the exotic foliage of the countryside contrasted vividly with the magnificent back-

ground of the snow-capped Caucasus mountains. At Batum is the oil refinery and pipe-line terminal of the Baku oilfields, but British visitors are not admitted. A statue of Lenin stands dramatically at the end of the promenade. The arrival of British bourgeoisie was a new and remarkable spectacle to the inhabitants, and the strangers' clothes, especially their smart shoes, attracted embarrassing interest. Soldiers guard every bridge and railway line, and every stationary train is closely watched. Food for the visitor is plentiful and good, but obtaining anything not on the menu asks for financial disaster. Cameras are suspect, and films may be confiscated for examination at Moscow!"



# UNKNOWN TO BRITISH TOURISTS SINCE 1917: A GREAT

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN



AT MTSKHET, THE FORTIFIED CATHEDRAL OF SVETI TSHOVEL HAS STILL THE ROMANCE OF ANCIENT DAYS, AND A PRIEST WHO DISPLAYS THE TOMBS OF THE OLD GEORGIAN KINGS AND THE GREAT SHRINE AND ICON OF SAINT CATHERINE.

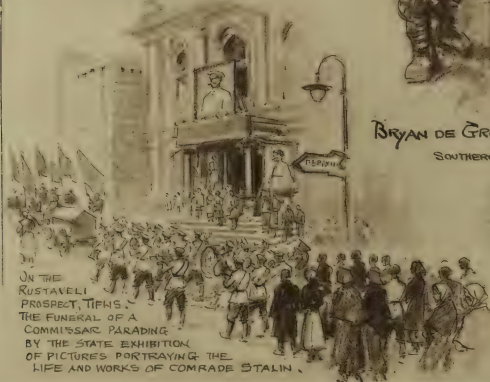
THE TAXI IS UNKNOWN AND MOTOR-CARS ARE NOT FOR THE ORDINARY PEOPLE, ALL BEING STATE-OWNED AND ALLOTTED TO OFFICIALS AND SO ON. HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLES SEEM MORE ABUNDANT.



GEORGIAN TYPES

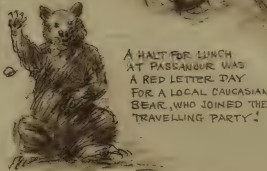


THE SOVIET-MADE MOTOR-BUSES TACKLE THE TERRIFIC CLIMBS OVER THE MILITARY HIGHWAY WITHOUT TROUBLE, BUT THEIR SPRINGS SEEM MORE THAN HARD TO THE EASE-LOVING ENGLISH AFTER A HUNDRED MILES OR SO.



ON THE RUSTAVELI PRINCE OF TIFLIS—THE FUNERAL OF A COMMISSAR PARADING BY THE STATE EXHIBITION OF PICTURES PORTRAYING THE LIFE AND WORKS OF COMRADE STALIN.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU  
SOUTHERN RUSSIA



A HALT FOR LUNCH AT PASSANAUR WAS A RED LETTER DAY FOR A LOCAL CAUCASIAN BEAR, WHO JOINED THE TRAVELLING PARTY.

## ON THE ROAD FROM CENTRAL RUSSIA THROUGH GEORGIA TO THE TRANS-CAUCASIAN REPUBLICS

In a descriptive note on these interesting sketches, our artist writes: "Tiflis, where the military highway starts, is the capital of the Georgian Republic, and its social and commercial centre. It provides strange contrasts—enormous public buildings intermixed with the picturesque old city and its eastern atmosphere; modern trams and traffic regulations alongside porcine scavengers and Persian pomegranate-sellers. Stalin is a Georgian, and is revered there. At a State museum, details of his life are pictorially displayed on vast

canvases painted by a Georgian artist. The arts are energetically encouraged, and the standards of opera and theatre are very high. Owing to the unprecedented visit of British tourists, the State opening of the opera season was advanced over a week with a magnificent performance of the Georgian opera, 'Twilight', on the ancient days of the Georgian kings. The conductor wore evening dress for the occasion. The military highway was begun in 1902, and built by the Army, with forced labour of mountaineers, for use in the

## MILITARY ROAD OVER THE CAUCASUS—TRAVEL SKETCHES.

DE GRINEAU. (SEE ALSO PAGE 217.)

IN TIFLIS.

PIGS ROAM ABOUT THE STREETS LIKE DOGS AND SCAVENGE THE REFUSE.



A PERSIAN POMEGRANATE MERCHANT.

EVENING DRESS IS NOT WORN IN THE U.S.S.R. THE ONLY EXCEPTION IN GEORGIA WAS THE CONDUCTOR OF THE ORCHESTRA AT THE STATE PERFORMANCE AT THE OPENING OF THE OPERA SEASON IN TIFLIS.

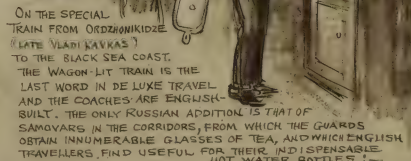


HIGH UP IN THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINEERS CLAD IN STRANGE MEDIAEVAL COSTUMES AND DRIVING GREAT FLOCKS OF SHEEP & GOATS PASS BETWEEN THEIR VILLAGES ON THE BORDERS OF THE MILITARY ROAD.



MAKE WAY FOR THE CARS—

A CAUCASIAN CARAVAN TRAIN PASSING THROUGH THE SNOW-SHED TUNNELS NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE KRESTORI PASS ON THE GREAT GEORGIAN MILITARY HIGHWAY OVER THE CAUCASUS—



ON THE SPECIAL TRAIN FROM ORDZHONIKIDZE (LATE VLADI KAVKAS) TO THE BLACK SEA COAST. THE WAGON-LIT TRAIN IS THE LAST WORD IN DE LUXE TRAVEL AND THE COACHES ARE ENGLISH-BUILT. THE ONLY RUSSIAN ADDITION IS THAT OF SAMOVARS IN THE CORRIDORS, FROM WHICH THE GUARDS OBTAIN INNUMERABLE GLASSES OF TEA, AND WHICH ENGLISH TRAVELLERS FIND USEFUL FOR THEIR INDISPENSABLE HOT WATER BOTTLES!

## AND PERSIA: PICTORIAL NOTES DURING A RECENT JOURNEY FROM TIFLIS TO ORDZHONIKIDZE.

Turkish wars. Its surface is very good. The road follows the Kura River to Mtskheta, once the capital of the Kings of Georgia, and in the strange, copper-roofed, fortified Cathedral are many of their tombs. At the village of Passanaur visitors travelling by motor-coaches enjoyed a lunch (specially sent on ahead) which would have done credit to any London restaurant. It also attracted a local bear, who attached himself to the outskirts of the party. Thence the road ascends in eighteen curves the almost perpendicular walls of the valley,

finally reaching the summit of the Krestori Pass—at 7695 feet—under the shadow of Mount Kasbek. The snow-covered mountains are magnificent. Caravans of wild-looking horsemen and mountaineers lurk occasionally along the road, and the military patrols, stationed at various points, clear them over to their proper side as convoys of cars approach. The road then dives through steep gorges of the River Terek to Ordzhonikidze, where it ends. Thence a wagon-lit restaurant train took passengers to the coast at Tuapse."





FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH HEAVY SEAS: BATTLESHIPS OF THE HOME FLEET DURING THE RECENT GALES—THE "RESOLUTION" AND "RAMILLIES" SEEN FROM THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."

The ships of the Home Fleet which recently left England for the Spring Cruise encountered bad weather in the Bay of Biscay on their way to Gibraltar. The Fleet includes six battleships—"Nelson," "Rodney," "Royal

Oak," "Ramillies," "Resolution," and "Royal Sovereign." The last-named, it was stated, would go direct to the Canary Islands, remaining until the end of February, while the "Ramillies" and others cruise in the Mediterranean,

and the "Resolution" pays a visit to Lisbon. Between March 1 and 6 the combined Home and Mediterranean Fleets will conduct manoeuvres. The ships here illustrated will be among those taking part in the Coronation Review at

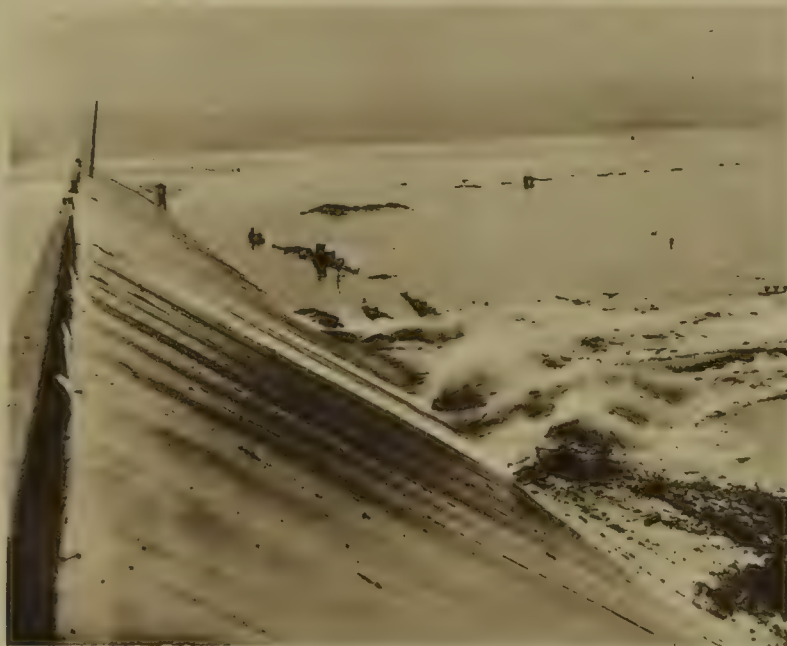
Spithead on May 20. It is understood that the whole of the Home Fleet, comprising over 50 vessels of all types, will be present, besides many ships of the Mediterranean and Reserve Fleets.



## THE GREAT FLOODS IN THE UNITED STATES: BREACHED LEVEES AND HOMELESS REFUGEES.



WHERE THE EFFORTS OF 2000 MEN FAILED TO PREVENT THE FLOODING OF THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF LAND: THE ST. FRANCIS RIVER POURING THROUGH A BREACH IN THE LEVEE NEAR KENNETT, MISSOURI.



AKIN TO THE FORCE OF WATER RUSHING THROUGH THE SLUICE-GATES OF A DAM: THE FLOOD-WATERS OF THE OHIO RIVER BREAKING THROUGH THE BEECHMONT LEVEE AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.



A SCENE TYPICAL OF MANY IN LOUISVILLE, WHICH IS DEVASTATED BY THE WATERS OF THE OHIO RIVER: FURNITURE AND PERSONAL BELONGINGS SALVAGED FROM A HOME ABANDONED TO THE FLOODS



STACKING HIS BELONGINGS TOGETHER FOR REMOVAL BY BOAT: AN INHABITANT OF THE CUMBERLAND VALLEY, NEAR NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, DRIVEN OUT BY THE CUMBERLAND RIVER, WHICH FLOODED HIS HOMESTEAD.



FIGHTING TO SAVE THEIR PROPERTY FROM INUNDATION: FARMERS AND VOLUNTEERS CARRYING SANDBAGS TO STRENGTHEN A LEVEE OF THE WABASH RIVER, NEAR VINCENNES, INDIANA—WORK WHICH MUST BE CONTINUALLY CARRIED ON.

At the moment of writing, it is hoped that the levees which protect the Lower Mississippi Valley from flooding by the river will withstand the tremendous pressure exerted on them. Concern is chiefly felt over the position of Cairo, the town which stands at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, where the water has reached a height of 59 ft. Villages near the town have been evacuated, and the crisis will come when the crest of the Ohio flood pours past Cairo and sweeps on towards Memphis. Engineers have been directing thousands of volunteers and



REMOVING THE CONTENTS OF THEIR HOME TO HIGHER LAND ON A ROUGHLY CONSTRUCTED OIL-DRUM RAFT: ONE OF THE MEANS ADOPTED FOR SAVING SOMETHING FROM THE FLOODS NEAR NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

workmen in strengthening the defences against this peril, and arrangements have been made to evacuate all the inhabitants for fifty miles on both sides of the river along its course, if circumstances should appear to make this necessary. Troops are compelling people to leave the town of Paducah, Kentucky, which is flooded over an area of eight square miles to a depth of from two to twenty feet. Sixteen bodies have been recovered from the water there. A strict quarantine has been imposed at Louisville, and the inhabitants are not allowed to re-enter the flooded area.



## IN THE NEWS: THE CAMERA RECORDS EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



ARRIVING IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE AFTER EXPERIENCING BAD WEATHER ON THE JOURNEY: COMPETITORS AT THE LAST "CONTROL" IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY.

After struggling across Europe for four days, through snow and stormy weather, the competitors in the Monte Carlo Rally arrived in brilliant sunshine. The winners of the International Sporting Cup, the premier award, were two Frenchmen, R. le Begue and J. Quinlin, who drove a 3553 c.c. Delahaye from Stavanger, Norway. Two other competitors, P. de Massa and N. Mahe, who also started from Stavanger, were second. I. Zamfirescu, who won the trophy last year, with



WINNERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CUP, THE PREMIER AWARD IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: R. LE BEGUE AND J. QUINLIN WITH THEIR DELAHAYE.

P. G. Christea, started from Palermo, Sicily, and was third. The first British driver to be placed was D. H. Murray, who was fifteenth. He started from Umea, in the Arctic Circle. Another British driver who drove from Umea, W. L. Innes, finished third in the Riviera Cup. The Ladies' Cup was won by Mrs. Greta Molander, another driver who chose Umea as a starting-point. Two British drivers, Miss E. Parnell and Miss V. Wilby, were placed fifth and sixth respectively.



A NEW WEAPON FOR THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT'S WAR ON DRUG-SMUGGLERS: A FAST MOTOR PATROL-CRUISER ON ITS TRIALS OFF COWES.

This new 900-h.p. motor patrol-cruiser, which is seen on its trials off Cowes (with the "Aquitania" in the background), has been built at Cowes for the Egyptian Government by J. Samuel White and Co., and is intended for the coastguard service. The cruiser is armed with a light gun, which the man on the bow-deck can be seen handling, and should prove a useful weapon in the fight against drug-smuggling.



AT THE OPENING OF THE AUDITORIUM, PLANTATION HOUSE: THE LORD MAYOR POURING TEA FROM A 300-YEARS-OLD STAFFORDSHIRE HAND-PAINTED TEAPOT.

The Lord Mayor recently opened the new tea auction-room at the Auditorium, Plantation House, which has succeeded the 120-years-old auction-room in Mincing Lane. He is seen pouring tea for Miss Peggy Bunting, a daughter of the owner of this outsize teapot, and the donor of the tea auctioned for charity on this occasion. The teapot is three hundred years old, and a fine example of Staffordshire hand-painted china. It was presented to Mr. Bunting by the Ministry of Food for his war services.



REPUTED TO BE THE WORLD'S LARGEST COIN: A SWEDISH FOUR-DALER WEIGHING 7½ LB., AND MEASURING 10 BY 11 INCHES.

The Swedish four-daler which Mr. Glendining is measuring was sold recently for £6 at Glendining's. It was issued two hundred years ago, when Sweden, after a series of prolonged wars, was short of gold and silver. Copper was resorted to, and the four-daler was produced, weighing 7½ lb., and measuring 10 by 11 inches. There were also a two-, one-, and a half-daler. Paper money has obviously lightened the burden of devaluation!



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**LADY (RHYS) WILLIAMS.**

New D.B.E. Honorary Treasurer of Queen Charlotte's Anaesthetic Fund, and Honorary Secretary of Joint Council of Midwifery. As vice-chairman of National Birthday Trust, sponsors provision of anaesthetics in all maternity cases.



**MR. PERCY MALCOLM STEWART.**

New Baronet. Lately Commissioner for the Special Areas (England and Wales). Director for Ministry of Munitions of the Government Rolling Mills, Southampton, 1917-19. Interested in cement industry.



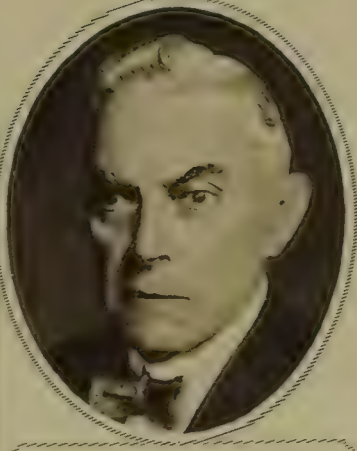
**THE RT. HON. ALEXANDER HARDINGE.**

New K.C.B. Private Secretary to H.M. the King. A.D.C. Personal Staff, British Military Mission, Berlin, 1919. Equerry and Assistant Private Secretary to the King, 1920-36; and Assistant Keeper of H.M. Privy Purse, 1935-36.



**DR. ADRIAN BOULT.**

New Knight. Conductor and Director of Music of the British Broadcasting Corporation since 1930. Fellow of the Royal College of Music. Musical Director of Birmingham City Orchestra, 1924-30.



**DR. E. KAYE LE FLEMING.**

New Knight. Chairman of the Council of the British Medical Association. A member of the General Council of Medical Education and Registration of the United Kingdom. One of the few general practitioners to be knighted.



**LORD GREENWOOD.**

New Viscount. Chairman of Dorman, Long and Co. Treasurer of the Conservative Party since 1933. The last Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1920-22. Under-Secretary of State for Home Affairs, 1919. Secretary of Overseas Trade Department, 1919-20.



**THE ONLY APPOINTMENT TO THE ORDER OF MERIT IN KING GEORGE VI.'S FIRST HONOURS LIST: DR. H. A. L. FISHER.**

Dr. H. A. L. Fisher has been Warden of New College, Oxford, since 1925, and Governor of the B.B.C. for two years. From 1916 to 1922 he was President of the Board of Education; and he was President of the British Academy from 1928 to 1932. He is a trustee of the British Museum. From 1916 to 1926 he was a Liberal M.P.



**SIR ARTHUR SAMUEL, BT.**

New Baron. M.P. for Farnham since 1918. Financial Secretary to the Treasury, 1927-29. Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, and Minister for the Department of Overseas Trade, 1924-27.



**SIR GEORGE HENNESSY, BT.**

New Baron. M.P. for Winchester, 1918 to 1931. Treasurer of H.M. Household, 1928-29, and in 1931. Vice-Chamberlain, 1925 to 1928. Junior Lord of the Treasury, 1922-24. Vice-Chairman of the Conservative Party since 1931. Parliamentary Private Secretary to Minister of Labour, 1920-22.



**SIR HARRY MCGOWAN.**

New Baron. Chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries and a Director of the Midland Bank. President, Society of Chemical Industry, 1931. Advisory Director of Overseas Bank. A Director of General Motors Corporation, New York, and Deputy Chairman of African Explosives and Industries.



**MR. A. H. POLLEN.**

Naval gunnery expert. Died January 28; aged seventy. Known as the inventor of the A.C. automatic fire-control system and as a writer on naval affairs. Contributed to revolution in pre-war naval gunnery and fire-control system. A director of many companies.



**SIR HALLEY STEWART.**

Founder of the Halley Stewart Trust for Research towards the Christian Ideal in All Social Life. Died January 26; aged ninety-nine. For thirty years partner in Stewart Brothers and Spenser, of Rochester. M.P., Spalding Division, Lines, 1887-95, and Greenock, 1906-10.

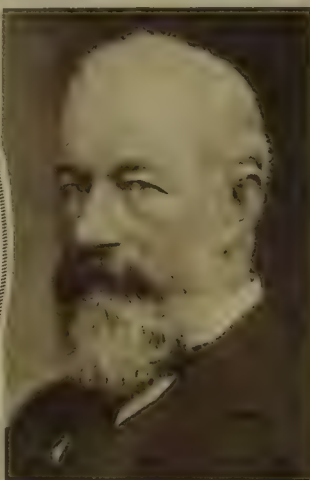


**H.R.H. THE SIRDAR MOHAMED HASHIM KHAN, PRIME MINISTER OF AFGHANISTAN, WITH THE AFGHAN MINISTER, AT DOWNING STREET.** H.R.H. the Sirdar Mohamed Hashim Khan, Prime Minister of Afghanistan (left), arrived in England recently for a week as the guest of the British Government. On Feb. 1 he called on Mr. Stanley Baldwin. He is the uncle of Zahir Shah, the present King.



**SIR PERCIVAL PHILLIPS, K.B.E.**

War correspondent and much-travelled journalist. Died January 29; aged fifty-nine. Since 1934 special correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph." Covered Greco-Turkish, Spanish-American, and Balkan Wars, and the Great War on the Western Front. Recently correspondent in Spain.



**MR. SPENSER WILKINSON.**

Historical specialist and journalist. Died January 31; aged eighty-three. Expert on questions of defence and war. On staff of "Manchester Guardian," 1882-92; of "Morning Post," 1895-1914. Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and Chichele Professor of Military History, 1909-23.



## A BATTLESHIP TOWED BY A CRUISER: AN INCIDENT OF RECENT FLEET EXERCISES.



H.M.S. "SUSSEX" (WHOSE AFTER DECK IS PARTLY VISIBLE IN THE FOREGROUND) TOWING H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH" DURING THE RECENT EXERCISES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET: A PRACTICE MANŒUVRE, REQUIRING MUCH SKILL IN NAVIGATION, OCCASIONALLY CARRIED OUT BY THE NAVY.

Towing a battleship is no light task, and is a manœuvre which calls for considerable skill in navigation. It is carried out by the Royal Navy at intervals, as on the occasion here illustrated, when the battleship "Queen Elizabeth," the flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet under Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, was taken in tow by the cruiser "Sussex." The photograph was taken from

the deck of the "Sussex," and shows the connecting hawsers attached to the bows of the "Queen Elizabeth" in the background. During the first week in March the Mediterranean Fleet and the Home Fleet will carry out their usual exercises, and the combined Fleets will afterwards assemble at Gibraltar. The Home Fleet left England for Gibraltar on January 18.

## A TANK ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER: "MECHANISATION" IN DIFFICULT MOUNTAIN COUNTRY.



A MODERN FEATURE OF PATROL WORK ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA, WHERE THE DISTURBED DISTRICT OF THE KHAISORA VALLEY WAS LATELY REPORTED AS BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL: A BRITISH MILITARY TANK MOVING ALONG A ROUGH MOUNTAIN ROAD.

The capacity of tanks to operate in the roughest country is strikingly illustrated in this photograph, just to hand from the North-West Frontier of India. In this connection we may recall that a "Times" report from Delhi stated on January 22: "The Khaisora Valley is now so well under control that the Razmak Brigade has returned to its peace-time station at Razmak, and

the 2nd Infantry Brigade . . . may be withdrawn early in February. . . . During the campaign the troops have made a fair-weather road, which forms a 31-mile loop from the road to Tochi from Bannu, between Mirali and Dreghundari. Since November 25 the troops have lost 39 killed, of whom three were British officers, and 127 wounded."



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## "ERNTE" AND "O.H.M.S."

MY admiration for Miss Paula Wessely, the Viennese actress who rose to international fame on the wings of her screen début in "Maskerade," is so great that I am persuaded she would lift into prominence any picture designed as a stellar vehicle for her. With no actual beauty of feature or of figure—measured, that is to say, by the conventional standards of the glamorous screen star—sensible, forthright, and supremely natural, she has a richness of personality and an invincible integrity that lend warmth and meaning to every word she utters. Her technique is perfect, though on the surface it may appear to be simplicity itself—merely a matter of feeling the character she portrays down to the very core of her being and expressing it in terms of absolute truth. Yet her new picture, presented at the Academy Cinema—to whose managerial perspicacity London owes its first introduction to Miss Wessely—transplants the actress to a milieu entirely different from those of "Maskerade" or its successor, "Episode." Here, then, is material which, compared with the sophisticated sparkle of Miss Wessely's earlier films, might be described as homespun.

It is true that, caught in the network of urban escapade and social intrigue, it has always been the actress's business to oppose her own honesty to the less scrupulous tactics of the worldly-minded. But she has hitherto been presented as a town-mouse, with her share of quick-witted humour and audacity. In her present picture she is a peasant. Her stance, her walk, her gestures are those of a peasant. Her speech is homely and she speaks of homely matters, but with such inward conviction that it becomes a question of vital importance to us, as to her, whether the rain will hold off until the crops are in or whether they show sufficient profit to push the boundaries of a diminished domain from the acacia-bushes to the further elms. The metamorphosis is complete. Miss Wessely, with her wide, enchanting smile, is a child of the soil.

"Ernte" ("Harvest") is a story of devotion and loyalty. Julika, who remains, alone of a large staff, to serve a retired cavalry officer on his impoverished Hungarian estate, rejoices in the labours of the homestead and the fields. From her father, one-time coachman on the estate, she has imbibed the dignity of service and obedience, from Nature a love of the earth and its fruits, together with a serene courage that is not shaken by village gossip, nor wholly defeated when the dashing Rittmeister, suddenly enslaved by a flirtatious society beauty, neglects his crops, postpones the harvesting, and thus imperils the reward of the year's hard work. Julika, deeply in love with the Rittmeister herself, sinks all personal feeling in the task of saving the harvest, and in the end she and the good earth win. A tale of large and simple outline, leisurely developed by the director, Mr. Geza von Bolvary, "Ernte" is in itself a solid, well-balanced production. Its fine natural settings give it spaciousness and the changing seasons a pleasant variation of rhythm.

Together the two good companions, master and maid, till the earth, scatter the seeds, toil and reap, proudly recovering lost acres, until the winter calls a halt and provides a lamp-lit leisure during which Julika tries to absorb the wisdom of the encyclopædia, to be a fit companion for her adored Rittmeister. Every phase of the unhurried drama is reflected in the beautiful portrayal of its humble heroine by Miss Wessely. Fresh as the upland breeze, sturdy and frank, she is irresistible in her determination to shoulder all the duties of a farm-hand, adorable in her modest bids for her master's affection, tender, vigorous, and loyal. As long as Miss Wessely holds the screen, to stand four-square to the elements, vibrantly alive and attuned to Nature, the picture is harmonious and gripping. Its excursions into sophisticated society seem, by contrast, a trifle artificial and brittle, albeit Miss Wessely's husband, Mr. Attila Horbiger, dons his discarded uniform gallantly enough and woos Miss Gina Falckenberg, his haughty siren, with becoming ardour. But the purpose and pattern of this shapely piece are drawn from rural occupations remote from high life; its strength is of the soil, and Miss Wessely embodies its spirit.

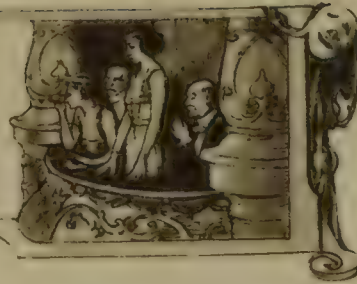
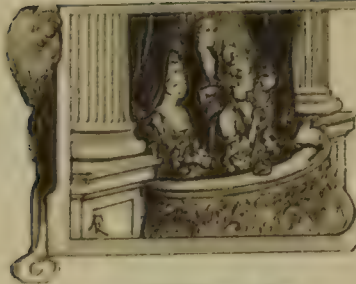
The ills that assail mankind never fail to elicit private panaceas from a host of amateur physicians. We all have cures to offer, be it for the influenza or for a troubled film industry, and though the patient may reject them with disdain—preferring his own remedy (probably quite rightly)—we are still convinced of the sapientcy of our own advice. The struggle of British producers in competition with American films, clearly indicated in its echoes in the Press, raises in my mind the old question of subjects likely to be of international interest, for it is obvious that the major production cannot look for a profitable return from our own market alone. In preparing goods for foreign consumption it seems to me that the common-sense course to pursue is that of bringing the genuinely home-grown article to perfection. In other words, a subject inherently British in character, handled on a large scale, must, I am persuaded, be of greater interest to non-British audiences than any imitation, however lavish, of the Hollywood film. Whether we import foreign talent, be it directorial or histrionic, in order to achieve our purpose is immaterial. It is the subject that matters, the exploitation of our country, our industries and services.

That exploitation and its possibilities, despite our fine little documentary pictures and minor epics of the fishing industry, have not advanced into the field of the super-film—or had not, until Gaumont-British brought the Army to the screen in "O.H.M.S.", now running at the Tivoli. Here, then, is a picture of manifold importance, apart from its very considerable qualities as stirring entertainment. It is the first military drama to be made with the full co-operation of the War Office; it combines actuality with fiction, and it is essentially British. Moreover, good as are Mr. Wallace Ford and Miss Grace Bradley, both of whom have gained their experience in Hollywood; excellent as is the direction of Mr. Raoul Walsh, American director, well versed in the moulding of military drama (he was, it will be remembered, responsible for those virile war-pieces, "What Price Glory?" and "The Cock-Eyed World"), the real thrill of this production is provided by the British Army, and the most gripping aspect of its drama lies in the demonstration of discipline.

The story, devised to link together episodes of peace-time occupations and active service, is an old friend—the rivalry of two soldiers, one of whom happens to be an American "tough guy" fleeing from a wrongful accusation of murder in New York, for the love of the sergeant-major's charming daughter, Miss Anna Lee. The triangle is solved in the classic manner by a hero's death for the American, after defending a British Consulate in China against a horde of bandits. Impregnated as it is with Cockney humour and American wisecracks and deftly dove-tailed into the main business of the picture, the theme serves its turn again, entertainingly and well. Mr. John Mills, Mr. Wallace Ford, and Miss Anna Lee perform the evolutions of the familiar "setting to partners" with high good humour and youthful buoyancy. There is no bitter feud nor tear-compelling drama, even when a bandit bullet clears the path for Mr. Mills. Thus we are free to laugh at and with the New York racketeer caught in the wheels of Army discipline and gradually responding to its influence, whilst our pulses quicken to the martial display.

For the British Army is the star of the picture, and a splendid star it makes. The training of recruits, the troops on parade, embarking at Southampton for the East, flinging their pontoon-bridge across a river in China under the hot rifle-fire of the bandits—these are the things that give the film its panache and its impetus. It is a matter for congratulation that official recognition of this patriotic drama's far-reaching significance has enabled its producers to conceive and realise it on a grand scale, with authenticity stamped on at least three-quarters of its length. The Chinese scuffle at the end is admittedly no more than a flourish to round off romance, but the bulk of the picture is a solid, spirited, and illuminating example of a well-made, typically British production.

"The Great Barrier," the Gaumont-British film which opened at the new Gaumont Cinema, Haymarket, on February 4, deals with the difficulties, natural and financial, which faced the builders of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the late stages of construction. Richard Arlen takes the part of Hickey, a foreman who succeeds in completing his section of the railroad in spite of rebellion on the part of his men. Antoinette Cellier takes the part of Mary, the daughter of a "railway boss," with whom Hickey is in love. There is a heated board-room scene in which the directors, whose names afterwards became famous, are represented by actors skillfully made up to resemble them.



SIR JOHN MACDONALD, THE FIRST PRIME MINISTER OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA; AND FRANK MCGLYNN IN HIS MAKE-UP AS SIR JOHN MACDONALD IN "THE GREAT BARRIER."



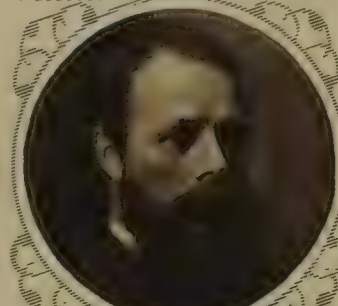
SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE, VICE-PRESIDENT (1884), PRESIDENT (1888), AND CHAIRMAN (1899) OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY; AND ARTHUR LOFT, WHO REPRESENTS HIM.



MR. DONALD SMITH (AFTERWARDS LORD STRATHCONA), WHO DROVE IN THE LAST SPIKE OF THE C.P.R.; AND HOWARD HICKMAN IN HIS MAKE-UP AS DONALD SMITH.



MAJOR A. B. ROGERS, THE ENGINEER WHO PUSHED THE RAIL ROUTE THROUGH THE ROCKIES; AND J. FARRELL MACDONALD, WHO REPRESENTS HIM IN "THE GREAT BARRIER."



MR. GEORGE STEPHEN (AFTERWARDS LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN), WHO WAS AT THE HEAD OF THE C.P.R. COMPANY AT ITS FORMATION; AND GILBERT EMERY, WHO REPRESENTS HIM.



MR. R. B. ANGUS, A MEMBER OF THE ORIGINAL CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY SYNDICATE AND ONE OF THE FIRST DIRECTORS; AND L. MILLMAN IN HIS MAKE-UP AS MR. ANGUS.





WHERE EARS ARE STRETCHED IN CHILDHOOD  
AND THE BLOW-PIPE IS A WEAPON  
OF PRECISION: BORNEO TYPES.



WITH EAR-LOBES STRETCHED AND BORED, ACCORDING TO  
NATIVE CUSTOM: TAKI DJALONG, A BORNEO FISHERMAN  
POET WHO EXPRESSES THE RELIGIOUS FEELING OF HIS RACE.



PUNAN TRIBESMEN OF INNER BORNEO, WITH THEIR WEAPONS:  
TYPES OF THE LESS CIVILISED OF THE ISLAND'S TWO PRINCIPAL  
RACES—EXCELLENT HUNTERS AND SHY OF EUROPEANS.



CARRYING HIS BLOW-PIPE, AND WEARING A FEATHER HEAD  
ORNAMENT IN SIGN OF RANK: A DAJAK CHIEF, OF THE  
MORE CIVILISED OF BORNEO'S TWO PRINCIPAL TRIBES.



"THE GODS GIVE CHILDREN [SAYS THE BORNEO POET],  
CLEAR LAUGHTER AND A LONGING TO DO AS GROWN-UPS  
DO": A BOY OF THE DAJAK TRIBE, WITH STRETCHED  
EAR-LOBES.



WITH HER EAR-LOBES, BORED AND STRETCHED TO THE SHOULDER,  
HUNG WITH HER WHOLE COLLECTION OF BRASS RINGS: A YOUTHFUL  
BEAUTY OF THE DAJAK TRIBE.



A CHILD OF NATURE UNNATURALLY ADORNED: A TYPE  
OF BORNEO YOUTH CUMBERED ABOUT WITH TOO MUCH  
ORNAMENT, ON WRISTS, NECK, AND THE STRETCHED  
LOBES OF THE EARS.

IN a descriptive note (here abridged) on these interesting photographs, Mr. W. O. Livingstone writes: "The natives of Borneo are divided into two main tribes, the Dajaks and Punans. The Dajaks are the more civilised and clever. They live beside rivers and lakes and often visit the coast for trading. More than half of them are Christians. The Punans are forest men and shy of water. They never come near European settlements. They are excellent hunters. The Punan's three weapons are the *mandau* (sword), spear, and blow-pipe—a tube 2½ yards long with a bamboo arrow, with which he can hit a bird at 50 yards and a larger animal at 70 yards. Borneo natives begin 'cultivating' children's ears

when they are quite small. The lobe is bored and weights are hung from it—heavier for girls, who have theirs stretched to the shoulder. Those of boys only reach the jaw. Girls may weep and scream if the pain is bad, but boys must not even blink or open their mouths, otherwise they incur a lifelong stigma of cowardice. Both boys and girls hang brass rings in the holes, and many a proud beauty wears her whole stock of rings in her ears. It is amazing that very few children die of this operation. There is no hygiene. The cure of illness is left on the lap of the gods."—[PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY W. O. LIVINGSTONE.]



STRANGE RESULTS OF AN EAR-STRETCHING PROCESS DURING WHICH GIRLS ARE ALLOWED  
TO WEEP AND SCREAM, BUT WHICH BOYS MUST BEAR WITHOUT FLINCHING: A YOUNG  
BEAUTY OF THE DAJAK TRIBE, LOADED WITH EAR-RINGS AND NECKLACES.



A DAJAK VILLAGE PRIEST: ONE OF THOSE OF WHOM THE BORNEO POET, TAKI  
DJALONG (SHOWN ABOVE) SAYS—"TO THE MAGICIANS THE GODS GAVE THAT  
MYSTERIOUS POWER WHICH RECOGNISES THE WILL OF GOOD AND EVIL SPIRITS."



## MR. ROOSEVELT'S SECOND INAUGURATION.



AFTER TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE AT HIS INAUGURATION AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR A SECOND TERM OF FOUR YEARS: PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ADDRESSING THE CROWDS IN THE CAPITOL PLAZA.



SHOWING THE REVIEWING STAND, A COPY OF THE HERMITAGE, NEAR NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, BUILT AND OCCUPIED BY ANDREW JACKSON IN 1819: ANNAPOLIS MIDSHIPMEN MARCHING PAST THE PRESIDENT IN THE INAUGURAL DAY PARADE.



"IF THEY CAN TAKE IT, SO CAN I": PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT LEAVING THE CAPITOL IN AN OPEN CAR, DESPITE THE POURING RAIN, AFTER THE INAUGURATION CEREMONY.

On January 20, President Roosevelt took the Oath of Office for his second term of four years as President of the United States. He is the first President to be inducted in a January and the weather was exceptionally severe. Icy winds and pouring rain soaked and chilled the spectators who had gathered in the Capitol Plaza to hear his Inaugural Address. After the President had taken the Oath, he delivered his Address, which occupied only 18 minutes, and stressed the need for a higher standard of living. On leaving for the White House for luncheon, members of his staff urged him to travel in a closed car, but the President, mindful of the discomforts of the people who had come so far to hear and see him, insisted on having the hood of his car lowered, with the remark: "If they can take it, so can I." In the afternoon he witnessed a parade of West Point cadets, Annapolis midshipmen, units of the Army, Navy and Marines, State Governors and their staffs and civilian institutions.

## BUILDINGS IN THE NEWS—AND A STREET MINE.

The famous sally-lunn shop at Bath, after being for sale for many months, has been purchased by a Bath lady who has undertaken to save it from destruction, as it is in a bad state of repair. Sally Lunn became the tenant in 1680 and in 1725 Ralph Allen acquired the premises and, it is said, used it as the first post-office.—The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have put forward a scheme for the removal of All Hallows' Church, Lombard Street, and for the sale of the site. This proposal has been opposed by the City Corporation and a number of Learned Societies, and an inquiry has been held by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—at the time of writing the fate of All Hallows, a church re-built by Sir Christopher Wren after the Great Fire, which contains some beautiful carving, depends on their decision, which is not yet known.—The German mine in Knightsbridge was swept up intact off the Dogger Bank on June 1, 1915, and was presented to the Royal Thames Yacht Club by Admiral Sir Alfred H. Paget.



SAVED FROM THE HOUSEBREAKER'S HANDS: THE WELL-KNOWN SALLY-LUNN SHOP AT BATH (PROBABLY ENGLAND'S FIRST POST-OFFICE), WHICH BEAU NASH VISITED TO SAMPLE SALLY LUNN'S FAMOUS CAKES.



A CHURCH WHOSE FATE WILL BE DECIDED BY THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL: THE INTERIOR OF ALL HALLOWS, LOMBARD STREET, BUILT BY WREN AND NOTED FOR ITS RICHLY CARVED WOODWORK.



ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS "ARCHITECTURAL" FEATURES IN LONDON: A GERMAN MINE WHICH ADORNS THE FRONT OF THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB IN KNIGHTS' BRIDGE AND IS PASSED UNNOTICED BY THOUSANDS EVERY DAY.



## EXPLORING AN UNMAPPED ASIAN DESERT: SOVIET SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.



WHERE IN THE TERTIARY PERIOD GREW LUXURIANT SUB-TROPICAL FORESTS: A TYPICAL EXPANSE OF THE CRACKED, ARID SOIL COVERING THE DESERT OF BEDPAK-DALA EXPLORED BY THE EXPEDITION.



TEMPTED TO CLIMB A STRANGE "TREE OF KNOWLEDGE"?: DESERT SNAKES, APPARENTLY MOVED BY CURIOSITY, AMONG THE SPOKES OF THE EXPEDITION'S CAR-WHEELS DURING A HALT.



THE ZOOLOGIST OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE BEDPAK DALA DESERT: VASILY KARPENKO (ON THE RIGHT) SETTING OUT WITH HIS KAZAKH GUIDE, NASYPAYEV, TO SEARCH FOR SNAKES AND INSECTS.



WITH AN EFFECT LIKE A GIGANTIC ROCKET, OR AN INVERTED TORNADO!: THE KAZAKH GUIDE, DAUKEN KISANOV, THROWS SAND UP INTO THE AIR AS A SIGNAL TO SCATTERED MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION TO RETURN TO THE CARS.



WITH TWO BOAR-SPEARS FIXED TO HIS GUN TO ACT AS A GUN-REST: DAUKEN KISANOV, GUIDE, HUNTER, AND PATHFINDER (SEEN ALSO IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION ON THE LEFT), TAKING COVER BEHIND BUSHES WHILE STALKING A GAZELLE.



A "CITY OF THE DEAD" AMID THE WASTES OF THE BEDPAK-DALA DESERT IN THE HEART OF CENTRAL ASIA: A GROUP OF ANCIENT ADOBE TOMBS, OR BURIAL MOUNDS—RELICS OF SOME EARLY CIVILISATION, INDICATING THAT THIS SPOT WAS ONCE THE SITE OF A LARGE SETTLEMENT, OR CAMP OF NOMADS.

These interesting photographs illustrate an expedition of the Central Asian State University at Tashkent in the Bedpak-Dala Desert last summer. Four young scientists, headed by Victor Selevin, made a long journey by motor-car, studying the desert flora and fauna. On the map this little-known desert, which covers 100,000 square kilometres, is a large white spot, indicating unexplored territory, in the Kazakh Soviet Socialist Republic, in the heart of Central Asia. It lies east of the Syr-Darya River and the Kara-Tau mountains, extending towards Lake Balkhash. In the mid-Tertiary period the Central Asian Sea washed the

sands of the present desert, and luxuriant sub-tropic forests grew on its shores. Until recent times the desert was regarded as without herbage or animal life, but these opinions have been altered by several expeditions undertaken by Soviet scientists. It was found that under the barren soil near the River Chu is a huge underground basin which drains the waters flowing down from the Kara-Tau mountains to disappear in the desert sands. This water, colliding with a firm barrier underground, forms a natural subterranean reservoir. The discovery of vast thickets of white wormwood in the desert suggests commercial opportunities.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. BANK OF ENGLAND TREASURE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Lambeth delft, on oak and walnut chairs, in the corners of clock-faces, to name but three categories of applied art.

If the sconce is the rarest, the great wine-cistern of Fig. 11 is the most imposing. It is an elaborate and most competent example of silversmith's work, a trifle

Fig. 6 (1694), look a trifle un-English, for they reflect the transition between the rich style of Louis XIV. and the severer fashion which was to dominate English design as soon as Queen Anne came to the throne.

A collection illustrating the evolution of Paper Money of all countries sounds a little technical, but is actually of absorbing interest, particularly that part of it which illustrates by documents the financial history of the French Revolution. The whole of this section was recently presented to the Bank by Sir Henry Strakosch. There are several early account books, and among them one from which I have ventured to make an extract for the light it throws upon the furnishing of a merchant's house in 1723. The description of the contents of the dining-room and the valuation placed upon them are of absorbing interest—Inventory of the goods of Benjamin Hatley, trader in tobacco from Virginia, 1723.

### THE DINING-ROOM.

A suit of Red Window Curtains and Valences, 3 Elbow Cane Chairs, 1 Cushion and 7 small do with feather cushions, 10 Turkey work't chairs, a cane couch Squab and a Small Turkey Carpet, 2 prs of Sconces, a Walnut Scritoire, Stove, brass Fendiron, Shovel, Tongs, Poker and Bellows, a Beaufett with Looking Glass, 6 Pictures and 1 Print, Tea Kettle, Lamp and Stand, Tea Table and Tea Board, 28 China Plates, an Oval Table, Some Chaney and Alabaster Images and 4 Family Pictures. £14 18 0.

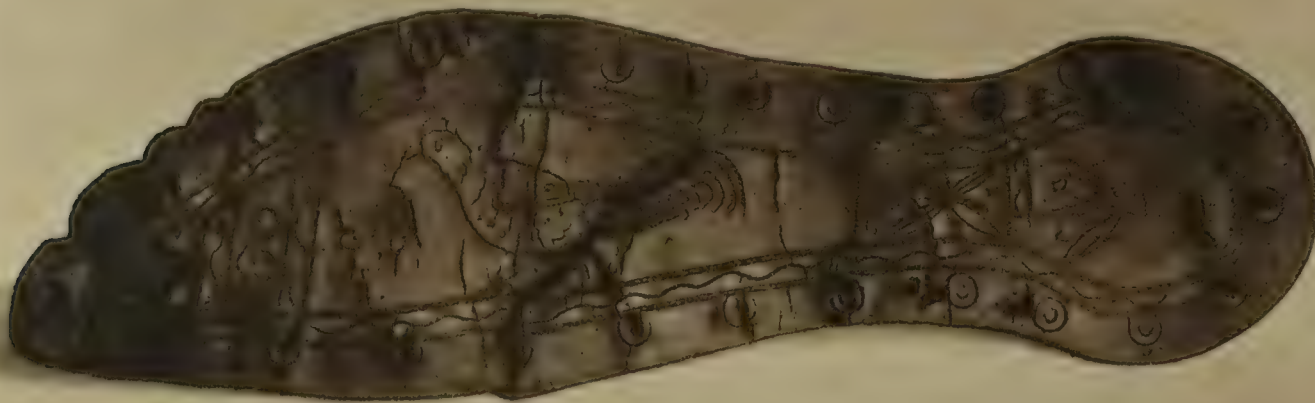
Finally—just to show that the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street really does know her business—I must mention three iron-bound chests in which valuables were kept in the early days. These are of the usual type, with great engraved locks beneath the lids (most of these locks were Flemish, I believe). When these turn up in other parts of the country they are "Armada Chests," and ridiculous stories are made up about them—stories of the wrecked Armada and how these chests were washed ashore and

NO, this is not an article about finance, and it has nothing to do with the bars of gold that, as everyone knows, lie deep down in the vaults—dull, heavy dross that has its uses in a workaday world because mankind insists upon giving it a certain value. The Old Lady has other and far more interesting possessions, and has recently issued invitations to her acquaintances to come and see them: in other words, she has got together a very varied and most distinguished collection, partly of works of art and partly of historical documents, and, like other people of taste, seems to appreciate outside comment. Here is a selection of choice pieces well worth the attention of anyone with even half an eye and the most elementary feeling for the past.

To my mind, the bronze bowl of Fig. 9 is in some ways the most beautiful of all. It is late twelfth or early thirteenth century, and the figure of the Virgin (I presume it is the Virgin), which the photograph brings out very well, has all the dignity and charm of the finest illuminated manuscript of the period. I must leave to specialists the exact significance of the figure's gesture, and merely venture to remark the affinity between this splendid design, so simply incised in the metal, and certain richer but similar ivory carvings from Byzantium. There is apparently a record of "two copper dishes to gather offerings in" belonging to the church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, which once occupied the site of the Bank, and it is therefore likely that this bowl was in use in the earlier church of St. Christopher destroyed in the Great Fire.

In Roman times the Walbrook ran across the north-west corner of the present Bank, and there were villas on each side of it. Great numbers of pottery and metal pieces were dug up during the recent rebuilding, and of these the fine bowl of Durobriva ware, made at Castor, near Peterborough, is perhaps the best, with its vigorous

1. IMPLEMENTS USED IN THE WORKING LIFE OF ROMAN LONDON FOUND DURING EXCAVATIONS FOR THE NEW BANK OF ENGLAND AND ADDED TO ITS COLLECTION: A BUILDER'S TROWEL; THE SO-CALLED "HIPPO" SANDAL (POSSIBLY A TREADLE OR PACK-SADDLE STIRRUP); AND (BELOW) PRUNING-HOOK AND KNIFE-BLADE.



2. DECORATED WITH A COCK, FLOWERS AND A BORDER OF SIMPLE DESIGN: THE SOLE OF A WOMAN'S SANDAL—A RELIC OF THE ROMAN OCCUPATION OF LONDON FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATIONS FOR THE NEW BANK OF ENGLAND.

relief design of a dog chasing a boar (Fig. 12). Of imported wares from Gaul there are several excellent examples (the red-glazed Samian ware, or Terra Sigillata). Fig. 8 gives a fair idea of its quality.

The coarse glazed pottery in common use in mediæval London is well represented by the four pitchers of Fig. 3, and it is one of the minor oddities of our time that such sturdy, vigorous examples of the potter's craft, when they do happen to come on the market, are valued at a pound or two. Admitted they have not the quality of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Chinese pieces, but they are rare and they are our own.

So much for excavated pieces. To many, the most interesting part of the collection will be the silver. Not unnaturally, there is nothing previous to the foundation of the Bank in 1694, and as the records have disappeared, it is not certain that every piece was actually made for the institution. Six candlesticks with the date-mark for 1765-6 have certainly always belonged to the Bank, for each of them is engraved on the base and on the nozzle with an otherwise unrecorded variant of the Bank's crest (a shower of gold falling at the feet of a seated Britannia). But it seems obvious that a series of tankards (four of them are seen in Fig. 5) dated 1694 were bought for use when the charter was granted, and there is actually no reason to suppose that the other pieces were given or acquired later than the year they were made. The rarest example is undoubtedly the wall-sconce of Fig. 10 (1699). Remarkable how the winged cherub design continually appears in the last half of the seventeenth century—on

flamboyant for modern taste perhaps, but a first-class thing of its kind. I should add, perhaps, that the irreverent allege that in the early days of the Bank the Old Lady used it as the baby's bath. One tankard, by the way, has returned home after long wanderings. It was never the property of the Bank, but was given to Sir John Houblon, the first Governor, by his fellow-directors in 1696. His descendants sold it and it went to America, where it was eventually acquired by the New York Clearing House, whose Committee generously presented it to the Bank of England in 1924. Of two Queen Anne teapots and the Queen Anne coffee-pot (Fig. 7), it will suffice to say that they are just those types which most lovers of old silver covet and never acquire. The pair of candlesticks, one of which is seen in

invariably labelled "Armada Chests," and ridiculous stories are made up about them—stories of the wrecked Armada and how these chests were washed ashore and



FOUR EXAMPLES OF THE MEDIÆVAL POTTER'S CRAFT FOUND ON THE SITE OF THE BANK: TYPES OF PITCHERS IN COMMON USE IN LONDON IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

have been in the family (or the village church) ever since. The Bank, accurately and soberly, says they are early eighteenth century.



# THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER TREASURES: FINE PIECES IN THE NEW BANK OF ENGLAND.



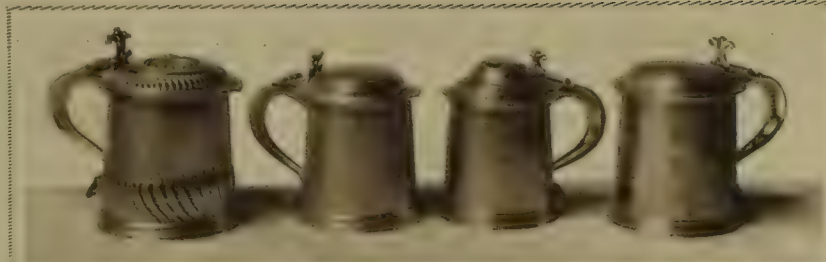
4. SILVER CANDLESTICKS AND SNUFFERS DATED 1791: A PART OF THE HISTORIC AND VALUABLE BANK OF ENGLAND COLLECTION.



6. A CANDLESTICK (ONE OF A PAIR DATED 1694) WHICH LOOKS A TRIFLE UN-ENGLISH IN STYLE.



7. TWO OF THREE VERY FINE PIECES OF QUEEN ANNE SILVER: A COFFEE-POT (1704) AND A PLAIN TEAPOT (1708).



5. A LINK WITH THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND: FOUR TANKARDS (FROM A SERIES DATED 1694) OBVIOUSLY BOUGHT FOR USE WHEN THE CHARTER WAS GRANTED; NOT ACQUIRED LATER.



8. EXCELLENT EXAMPLES OF POTTERY IMPORTED FROM GAUL: THE RED-GLAZED SAMIAN WARE; OR TERRA SIGILLATA.

THE Directors of the Bank of England (The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street)

recently held a private two-weeks' exhibition of their silver, and of relics of Roman London uncovered between 1933 and 1934 during the excavations for the new building. Admittance was by invitation only, but it is hoped to instal the collection in a room in the new building, so that it may be permanently on view for those who are able to secure permission to see it. Owing to the fact that the Walbrook ran across a corner of the site of the Bank, and that Roman villas were built on each side of it, some very interesting objects were discovered, including three tessellated pavements.

Two of these will be added to the collection.



9. A LATE TWELFTH- OR EARLY THIRTEENTH-CENTURY BRONZE BOWL DECORATED WITH A BEAUTIFULLY EXECUTED FIGURE OF THE VIRGIN: PROBABLY USED AS AN OFFERING-DISH AT THE CHURCH WHICH OCCUPIED THE SITE OF THE BANK.



11. THE MOST IMPOSING PIECE OF SILVER WHICH DATES FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE BANK (1694): A GREAT WINE-CISTERN, AN ELABORATE AND COMPETENT EXAMPLE OF SILVERSMITH'S WORK.



10. THE RAREST PIECE OF SILVER IN THE BANK'S COLLECTION: A WALL-SCONCE (1699) WITH A WINGED CHERUB DESIGN.



12. BEARING A RELIEF DESIGN OF A DOG ATTACKING A BOAR: A BOWL OF DUROBRIVÆ WARE; MADE AT CASTOR, NEAR PETERBOROUGH.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT is not always that I find myself wishing for more time in which to browse at leisure over the books that come up for notice, and devour every word of them (in the time-honoured phrase) "from cover to cover"—a luxury impossible, of course, when handling a considerable number all at once. My task as a mass-reviewer is rather to study them enough for a rapid estimate of their quality, and then indicate briefly to the reader the nature of their contents. This week, however, it happens that there are at least three books with which, one by one, I should like to retire to my favourite armchair for a complete and leisurely perusal—a mental "fight to a finish."

One of these unusually beguiling works is the autobiography of a famous dramatist and poet—"THE UNEXPECTED YEARS." By Laurence Housman. With Portrait Frontispiece (Cape; 10s. 6d.). In the first place, the title seems to call for a word of comment. Mr. Housman mentions somewhere that his choice of titles for his books was adversely criticised in his own domestic circle, but that he rejected this criticism and took a particular pride in them, including that of the present volume. Explaining its meaning more fully elsewhere, he says: "Looking back I see quite clearly the comparative uneventfulness of my life. Why then should I wish to tell of it, or expect it to have any interest for others? The main reason—for my own interest, at any rate—is that it has been so unexpected, so extraordinarily unlike anything I had ever imagined that it could be—not merely in my childhood, when romantic dreams of an unrealisable kind were natural; but from then onward, in every decade that has followed, the unexpected has always happened—not sensationally or drastically, or even noticeably from an outward view, but in a vast multiplicity of small ways." Is not that true, more or less, of everyone's life? The unexpected always happens. Personally, I sometimes go so far as to accept the inverse proposition—that the expected never happens; and accordingly, when I imagine something unpleasant that might occur, I say to myself: "I have expected it; therefore it will not happen." Generally the system works, but not always. It is apt to fail when the expected evil is not only possible, but highly probable—e.g., a demand for income tax!

So much for the title of Mr. Housman's book. Now, what of its contents? For one thing, it sparkles with anecdote and incident and is full of wise reflections on life and affairs. Among its manifold phases of interest, those that attract me most are the author's story of his literary adventures (especially the writing and production of his "Little Plays of St. Francis," and that other much-discussed play cycle, "Victoria Regina"), his criticism of Victorian religion and social conventions, his war-time experiences, and his denunciation of war in general.

Some of his assertions on this subject may provoke controversy. Thus he writes: "Quite recently a relative, for whom intellectually I have a great respect, said that he considered the Church of England 'the best religion ever invented'; it was so undisturbing. That, I think, is what separated me from it; its undisturbingness disturbed me. To-day, over the most burning of all moral problems—the relation of Christianity to war—it takes a back seat, and, still signing itself with the Cross, does nothing: too often at Peace Meetings it is the representative of the Established Church who gets up and defends war, without shame or embarrassment. For the same reason, though I once had a hope that I could find rest for my conscience in the Roman Catholic Church, I can do so no longer . . . the Church's tolerance of war has become the final barrier between myself and any form of Institutional Christianity."

Very interesting are Mr. Housman's intimate glimpses of his brother Alfred, author of "A Shropshire Lad" and Professor of Latin at Cambridge, who in conversation there once created the quite erroneous (but in the circumstances intelligible) impression that he and his brother were at enmity. Mr. Laurence Housman, by his explanation, sets the matter in its true light. I had hoped to find in his book some fresh clue to the enigma of Alfred's character, and perhaps the original cause of his curiously aloof disposition and morbid habit of speech. For that purpose I worked diligently through all the index references to him, but, though they led me to many delightful passages, especially about the early family life and youthful verses, I found that Mr. Laurence Housman, remembering his elder brother's desire not to be a subject of biography, had loyally refrained from supplying anything in the shape of "revelations"—if, indeed, there was anything to reveal.

At a time when the private affairs of royalty have been so widely canvassed, the question how far they can be

properly made subjects for literature or drama becomes debatable. From this point of view, interest is lent to Mr. Housman's story of his tussles with the Lord Chamberlain's office and the censorship concerning his plays on the life of Queen Victoria, now at last licensed. Incidentally, too, he summarises their artistic purpose and central idea. "The most dramatic thing about Queen Victoria," he writes, "was her duration: in the moving age to which she gave her name, she remained static; and no three-act play conventionally constructed could have conveyed that dramatic quality. . . . The plot is not a plot of incident, but of character; and what happens to

and he wisely and patiently tames her, trains her, and rules her for her own and for her country's good; and that he manages to do it through a series of everyday incidents—some of them quite trivial on the surface—makes, I maintain, a thoroughly good plot; and I think that in spite of my critics I have found a public here which agrees with me." I was reminded of this passage lately when I passed the equestrian statue of the Prince Consort in Holborn Circus.

Thus, by a royal road, I come to the second book that makes me envy those with plenty of time to read merely for their own amusement, without thought of "limits of space" or dates of going to press. I refer to "ROYAL GEORGE." A Study of King George III., his Experiment in Monarchy, his Decline and Retirement; with a View of Society, Politics and Historic Events During his Reign. By C. E. Vulliamy. With eight Portraits (Cape; 12s. 6d.). There has been in our day quite a renaissance in historical biography, which is being industriously rewritten with frankness and impartiality, and without the reservations and prejudices that formerly hampered its practitioners. Along with this candour and accuracy, too, there has come into vogue a much brighter and more amusing manner of telling a life-story. This book is one of the best examples that I have seen, and it is not without significance, perhaps, as indicating the author's literary principles and loyalties, that he dedicates his work to Mr. Philip Guedalla.

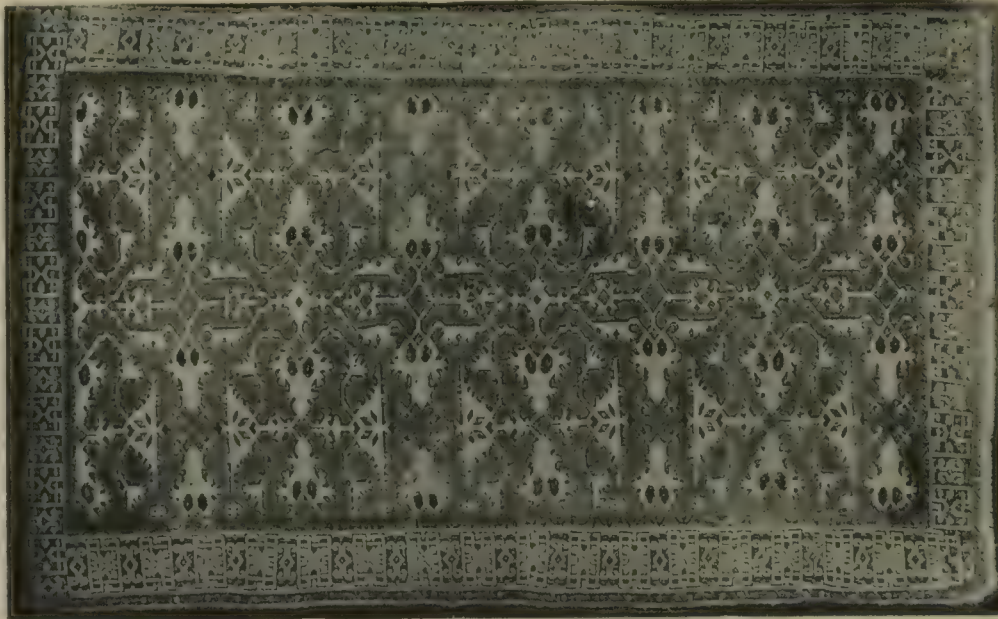
Mr. Vulliamy likewise writes in a brisk, vivacious style, salted with wit and pungent irony. Sometimes I seem to detect a slight undercurrent of republican sentiment. Be that as it may, he has made his memoir of the third George more readable and entertaining than many a historical romance, while not taking liberties with truth. "This book has been based as far as possible," he writes, "upon the first-hand evidence of King George's contemporaries. And we may justly assume that contemporary evidence is likely to have more value than the irresponsible guesses of a later age, especially when the value of the evidence has been tested and examined in the light of modern research. The object of biography, as of history, should be to present facts without an undue amount of speculation."

In looking back at the past, we are too much inclined to think of historical personages as they were at the end of their lives, and to forget that they were once young. How many of us, for instance, can visualise "Farmer George" in his youth? Mr. Vulliamy reminds us that, at the outset of his reign, George III. was inclined to be an autocrat. "The period of Whigs in clover was coming to an end. A new King had arisen to govern faithfully the English people. . . . But he would be constitutional. He never intended to rule without Parliament; he merely intended to rule Parliament, by controlling every office. That was the whole essence of the Georgian experiment or system." One part of the book which will attract many readers to-day, I think, is the story of the young monarch's frustrated love-affair with Lady Sarah Lennox (a flame effectually quenched by his political mentor, Lord Bute), and of the steps taken to select for him a bride of the requisite royal blood.

Mr. Vulliamy gives a lively account of certain incidents at George III.'s Coronation, which was not so well ordered, apparently, as such occasions are nowadays. "It was an affair," we read, "of muddle, magnificence, and odd buffoonery." Describing the proceedings in Westminster Hall, the biographer recalls an episode never likely to be repeated. "Then came a totally unrehearsed amusement. Earl Talbot (the High Steward), the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Effingham had to perform an ancient and awkward ceremonial on horseback. The first part of the ceremony went off very well; the Champion throwing his gauntlet with trumpeting and applause. But the unlucky Talbot had been for several days carefully training his horse to back out from the royal presence, never turning his rump for one instant in the direction of the King; and now the unintelligent animal reversed the procedure most ignobly by coming into the Hall backwards."

Many people, I suppose, will read history or biography, as written by a Guedalla or a Vulliamy, who would regard as the last word in stodginess the study of prehistoric man in the mass, with a "local habitation," perhaps, but no name, no individuality. Before dismissing "pre-history" as dryasdust, however, let them dip into "THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF SUSSEX." By E. Cecil Curwen, F.S.A. With thirty-two Plates, and eighty-nine text Illustrations (Methuen; 12s. 6d.). They may revise their opinion, for the author justifies his statement that "the main aim of the book is to cater for the general reader." In my opinion he has achieved his aim with great success, for I have never come across a work of this type—and I have handled a good

[Continued on page 240.]



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK (BEGINNING FEBRUARY 3) AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY TURKISH RUG.

It is certain that during the sixteenth century a number of Turkish rugs found their way to various European countries, although the examples still remaining have mostly been found in Italian churches. The patterns of these rugs, which are either geometrical or so highly conventionalised as to make their floral origin obscure, are well exemplified in this specimen. The field-pattern is probably based on floral forms and Chinese cloud-bands, while the border is evidently a debased inscription.



A TREASURE OF THE WEEK (JANUARY 27-FEBRUARY 3) AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A MAGNIFICENT SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GUILD TANKARD.

Although this tankard is only made of pewter with a thin plating of silver, the decoration compares favourably with the finest goldsmiths' work of the period. It is cast in relief with emblematic figures of Virtues, Vices, Muses and Planets and, on the handle, with figures of Lucretia and Judith from models by Peter Flötner of Nuremberg (d. 1546). The mark Z twice repeated on the handle has been attributed to the town of Zurich; the other mark, with the initials P W, appears to be that of the maker. This fine example of the pewterer's craft was bought in 1853 for the sum of £12.

that character is truly dramatic. A self-willed, obstinate, imperious and passionate little person is taken in hand by the man whom she meant to make her adorable puppet,



# FACIAL RESTORATION OF FOSSIL MAN: CLOTHING SKULLS WITH "FLESH."

DESCRIPTIVE NOTE BY DR. A. J. E. CAVE, ARNOTT DEMONSTRATOR AND ASSISTANT CONSERVATOR OF MUSEUM, ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF ENGLAND.



ON A CAST OF THE ACTUAL SKULL, AT VARIOUS ANTHROPOMETRICAL POINTS EMPLOYED BY PROFESSORS CZECHANOVSKY AND VIRCHOR, BLOBS OF LIGHT-COLOURED MATERIAL ARE AFFIXED, TO REPRESENT THE ESTIMATED DEPTH OF THE OVERLYING SOFT TISSUES AT THESE POINTS.



THE NEXT STAGE IN THE PROCESS: THE ENTIRE CAST OF THE SKULL IS NOW COVERED WITH PLASTICINE TO REPRESENT THE ABSENT SOFT PARTS, THE BLOBS OF LIGHT-COLOURED MATERIAL DETERMINING THE THICKNESS OF THIS PLASTICINE COATING.

WITH the reconstruction drawings of Peking Man published in our issue of January 9, it is interesting to compare the method of plastic reconstruction here illustrated, on which Dr. A. J. E. Cave kindly supplies the following note. "In everyday life [he writes] we recognise our fellows by their external anatomy—particularly their facial anatomy—not by their skulls or skeletons. Conversely, the skulls (either originals or restored casts) of fossil man displayed in museums must be somewhat disappointing to interested, but non-specialist observers, as they convey no adequate picture of the once living form of their original owners. Instinctively some such picture is craved by the intelligent museum-visitor, who lacks the specialised knowledge requisite for re-clothing these ancient skulls with their long-shed 'helmet' of flesh and skin. This defect of our museums is now, however, being remedied by scientific restorations of the absent 'soft parts' (muscle, subcutaneous tissue, and skin which transform a bare skull into a living and expressive head. The accompanying photographs depict Frau Erna von Engel Baiersdorf engaged upon such delicate restoration work, in the Vienna Natural History Museum, under the supervision of its able Director, Dr. Lebzelter. On casts of certain famous fossil human skulls (Aurignacian and Rhodesian man) she

(Continued opposite.

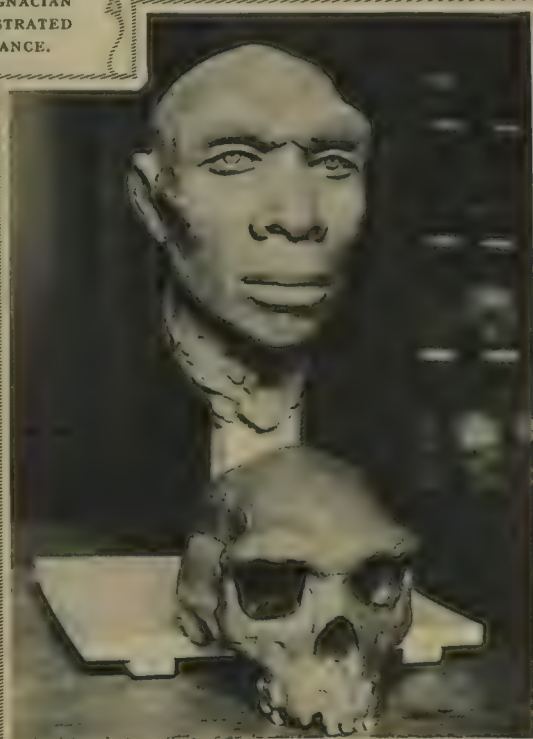


LAST TOUCHES BEING APPLIED TO A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE HEAD OF AURIGNACIAN MAN—A FORM OF HUMANITY MUCH LESS PRIMITIVE THAN RHODESIAN MAN (ILLUSTRATED BELOW). THE ORIGINAL AURIGNACIAN SKULL WAS FOUND IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.

builds up, on strictly anatomical lines, a plasticine replica of the 'mask' of soft tissues which originally clothed the facial skeleton and cranial vault. This plasticine technique, though simple of execution, as the pictures reveal, is performed according to definite principles of anatomy, lest violence be done to the morphology of the type in question and an unscientific distortion result. The cartilaginous framework of nose and ear is assembled, from known anthropometric and comparative data, upon the controlling guide of the underlying skull. The size and proportion of certain muscles (e.g., the masticatory and nuchal) is indicated by the build of vault and jaw and by muscular impressions made upon the skull in life. The degree of differentiation and development of other muscles (e.g., the mimetic facial musculature) must be inferred from careful comparison of corresponding structures in various human races and the higher primates. Details of the expressive lips and eyelids, of skin-thickness, and of regional variation of subcutaneous tissue, are determined from the general morphology of the skull checked against known anatomical correlations. The finished product is thus as reasonably scientific a replica as possible: it is then cast and copies are made for distribution abroad."



A CAST OF THE RHODESIAN SKULL WITH ITS RESTORED SOFT PARTS BUILT UP TO A STAGE CORRESPONDING WITH THAT OF THE AURIGNACIAN MAN (A MUCH MORE ADVANCED TYPE) SHOWN ABOVE IN THE CENTRAL ILLUSTRATION. THE LIGHT-COLOURED GUIDE-BLOBS, IT WILL BE OBSERVED, ARE STILL EVIDENT.



A CAST OF THE RHODESIAN SKULL (BELOW) WITH A COMPLETED RESTORATION OF ASSOCIATED SOFT PARTS (ABOVE); THE RHODESIAN SKULL, THOUGH UNMISTAKABLY HUMAN, MANIFESTS MOST STRIKINGLY A NUMBER OF VERY PRIMITIVE FEATURES.



# FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

## CHEERING VIEWS FROM BANK CHAIRMEN.

**B**ANK chairmen ought to be in a better position than most of us to see how business is getting on in the country and in other parts of the world, and even to make forecasts concerning the probable trend of industrial and commercial activity. With their network of branches in close touch with the conditions of all the different kinds of enterprise that make up the total of the country's activities, they are like generals served by a highly efficient staff of officers, whose business it is to report to headquarters every development that may affect the credit-worthiness of all the units in their district. If they do not know how we are getting on and how we are likely to get on in the future, there is certainly no other body that can approach them in facilities for acquiring this knowledge. It is, therefore, very gratifying to observe that in the spate of bank chairmen's speeches which, as always, marked the last week of January, the note generally struck was one of confident hope for the future and of refusal to accept the doctrine, of which we have lately heard a good deal too much, about the dangers involved by the so-called "boom"—an opprobrious word which Mr. Keynes has denounced as inapplicable to our present moderate prosperity—in which our industries are supposed to be indulging. In fact, as was pointed out by a leading article in last Saturday's *Investor's Chronicle*, "the extent of the agreement was quite extraordinary. All, of course, followed Mr. Orme of Martin's and Mr. Fisher of Barclay's in deploring the tendency to ignore export markets in order to fill temporary home orders. As Mr. Colin Campbell pointed out at the National Provincial meeting, the long-term outlook for world trade is tolerably promising, and presents our best opportunity for maintaining employment when (as is inevitable some time) home employment falls off. But none of them—with the possible exception of Sir Noton Barclay—considered that there was any element in the present situation which demanded serious treatment."

## THE SOLID FOUNDATION OF PROSPERITY.

It is pleasant to find this authoritative confirmation, from observers so well qualified, of the view that I have been hammering into my readers' heads for many weeks—that our present prosperity is soundly based on well-distributed purchasing power, and that recent rises in wages and in prices of raw materials, though necessarily implying some increase in the cost of production, at the same time mean still further additions to available purchasing power in the hands of domestic and overseas customers of our industries, and so provide them with a wider market, offsetting higher costs by means of larger output. Sir Noton Barclay, chairman of the District Bank, has already been mentioned as a possible exception to the unanimity of the chorus which agreed in emphasising the soundness of the present level of prosperity. His word of caution was, of course, entitled to the highest respect. He told us, as many others have told us, that, as a country which still depends for prosperity on the export trades, we must regard as serious any influence which would tend to raise our cost of production above that of competing countries; and that, though we are not alone in indulging in heavy expenditure on armaments, we are somewhat vulnerable, since the sharp rise in the cost of foodstuffs may have a disproportionate effect on us, we being more dependent than some of our competitors on external sources of supply for these

products. So far, however, the rise in the cost of living, if official estimates of it are to be trusted, has shown an almost negligible advance, less than that which has taken place in rates of wages. Armament expenditure is a common disease throughout the world, and has only been adopted by us on its present scale because we were forced into it by our militaristic neighbours; as an item in the cost of production, it is practically world-wide; and its most noticeable effect, scarcity of skilled labour, is equally prevalent in Germany—perhaps even more so, for it is now Germany's boast that unemployment has been virtually abolished within her borders, so that fewer idle hands are available for training for skilled work.

reaction is upon us, we are apparently condemned to a state of stagnation. It is certainly true that speculation was active, at least on the stock exchanges, during and before 1929; but one of the reassuring features of the chairmen's speeches was the proof that they gave of the absence at present of speculation in its usual and most dangerous sense—namely, a large account open by the public on borrowed money.

## SPECULATION THEN AND NOW.

Mr. McKenna dealt in some detail with this alleged danger, saying that we may fairly ask what signs of dangerous speculation exist to-day. He admitted that there had been considerable activity in the capital market, though he thought that it had been "mainly for sound investment." But he went on to show that the loans made by banks for the purpose of carrying stocks and shares indicate the degree of speculation existing at any time, and gave the experience of the Midland Bank on this point as being on a sufficiently wide basis to provide a fair estimate of the whole. In the period of the greatest depression its Stock Exchange loans amounted to barely 1 per cent. of its deposits. In 1928, when for a time conditions were booming, they had stood at 4 per cent. The mean between these two extremes—2½ per cent.—might be taken as normal, and the Midland's Stock Exchange loans were still well below this normal figure. Mr. McKenna admitted that a speculative mania was possible in this country; we have had plenty of them and might have them again; but he asserted positively that there is no sign of one at present and he did not think that one was probable.

## BACK TO 1920.

Lord Wardington, the chairman of Lloyd's Bank, whose address had, apparently, not been seen by the writer of the *Investor's Chronicle* article, took us back to 1920 in search of a warning analogy. After enumerating the many signs of present prosperity, even in the depressed areas, he told us that it is just at such a time that we should survey the scene with some cautious criticism; and reminded us that at the end of 1919 or the beginning of 1920 we were still enjoying a post-war boom; industry was active and prices were high; and that our fault after the war was not that credit was restricted, but that it was not restricted soon enough. He went on to say that he did not suggest that conditions to-day are the same as they were then; and that one factor, the amount of the overdrafts of the banks, was decidedly different. He might have mentioned many others. In 1920 we were struggling to get back to the gold standard, a process which took nearly five years and involved severe deflation (just as in 1929 we were struggling to maintain the gold standard in spite of an over-valued pound). Now we have been driven off the gold standard, and our monetary policy is no longer fettered by its rigours, and never likely to be, whatever we may do in the direction of arrangements for elastic stabilisation of exchanges. What is much more important, in 1920 our industries were, most of them, artificially expanded to meet war needs and so were faced with the awkward task of reconstruction for peace production. This task they have now performed, with drastic cutting-down of capital and with reorganisation and up-to-date equipment which has given them a new lease of life and efficiency, with the result that their order books are choked with more demands than they can meet. Perhaps even more important is the changed sentiment and confidence of our business organisers. In all these respects our outlook is now so different that there is surely no need for investors to be alarmed by analogies drawn from a dismal past.

## To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

**T**HE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS "has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

## THE ANALOGY OF 1929.

Sir Noton Barclay, however, thought it necessary to remind us that past experience has taught us to expect depression to follow expansion; and argued that because 1929 was associated with speculation and was followed by widespread depression, currency troubles, falling prices and declining trade, it is reasonable that we should feel uneasy when we see that in some directions 1936 has approached and even surpassed records established in 1929. But the spheres in which we last year beat the records of 1929 were, surely, those of production and consumption; and these are matters in which every progressive country ought, unless hampered by political or financial difficulties, to go ahead year by year, so improving its general standard of comfort and health. If every time we take a step forward we feel obliged to be smitten with fear that





Viator Bridge, Dovedale.

## This England . . .

SINCE the first West Angles pushed their way up the lovely valley of the Dove, the wooded cloughs of Derbyshire have been beloved of man. There he has settled—Roman and Dane, Saxon and Norman—fusing the richly English character of the people of those parts. Rich too the provender of this little world—the grayling and trout in the chuckling waters, the rich Stilton they make around Ashbourne and the lush pastures that cradle those great Shire horses so long the envy of the world. And over at Burton on the Trent they brew their beer — your Worthington — hearty, wholesome, Old English in the truest sense.





# Of Interest to Women.



## Blue Grass Perfume.

There is something of the gay sporting spirit of the Blue Grass country in the perfume that bears this name created by Elizabeth Arden, and it is for this reason that on the bottles there is a modernistic design of horses. Blue Grass has a crisp, fresh fragrance and may satisfactorily be used by women of every personality and age on every occasion. It has been declared that "it is light enough for a débutante, provocative enough for the smart woman, and elusive and distinguished enough to appeal to the older and more conservative type." Neither must it be overlooked that there is a whole series of toilet luxuries, including Eau de Toilette, Bath Essence, Soap, and Dusting Powder. The illustrations on this page reveal the artistic merits of the bottles and packing, and then an open secret must be revealed—the miniature bottle which has a picture all to itself is merely twelve shillings and sixpence. Attention must be drawn to the creams and lotions, which have an enviable reputation in all parts of the world. There is the Cleansing Cream, which persuades the pores to give up all the impurities they may have collected, and the Velva Skin Food, which feeds the tissues. For toning there is Skin Tonic; there is nothing more refreshing to the face, and it is sure to be in great request during the Coronation festivities. The Eye Lotion becomes the constant friend of all who have tried it.

## All-Important Frocks.

There is no doubt about it that the maternity dresses which are designed and carried out by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are perfectly practical and practically perfect. They are ever so pleasantly priced from three guineas. By the aid of carefully thought-out gadgets, they enable the figure to maintain a well-balanced silhouette. They should, of course, be worn over one of this firm's special petticoats, which may be a simple skirt or of the princess character; the "cut" and extension arrangements must be studied with care. The fashions pictured on this page may be seen in their salons; they are primarily destined for maternity wear, but with certain eliminations they are just right for general use. The dress on the extreme left is of a dull matt fabric relieved with insertions of lace and jewelled clasps. Women who play bridge will revel in it; it is eight-and-a-half guineas. In the centre is an ensemble for seven-and-a-half guineas. The fabricating medium is crêpe-de-Chine; the dress has short sleeves, and a jabot which may play a prominent rôle, while the coat has a neat military collar. It really may be worn throughout a summer's day. The evening dress on the right has a fourreau of faille, the overdress being of stiffened lace; the aspect of this affair may be completely altered by varying the colour and fabricating medium of the fourreau.







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MANY THINGS  
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*Illustrated Handbook, particulars of the inclusive Cure Ticket and the new standardised tariff, and all information from Director, Information Bureau, (Dept. 22), BATH.*

*Travel by Rail from London (Paddington Station) by the G.W.R. Spa Expresses at 11.15 a.m. and 1.15 p.m. From the Provinces by L.M.S. and G.W.R. "Monthly Return" tickets at 1d. a mile 3rd class, 1½d. a mile 1st class, by any train, any day, from all parts.*

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

OUR younger generation of motorists will have many opportunities of indulging in road races on standard sports cars during the coming season, as no fewer than four clubs are running road circuit events. Thus the Road Racing Club announces its Coronation Trophy Race for cars not exceeding 1500 c.c. on the new two-mile road circuit at the Crystal Palace. This is a scratch race run in heats, two heats of 20 laps (40 miles), and a final of 30 laps (60 miles). The £700 prize money is so divided that

many should share in it. The race will be run on Saturday, April 24, starting at 3 p.m. To the entrant of each car covering four laps during the heats in not more than eight minutes after the start, £5; to the entrant of each car covering ten laps during the heats in not more than twenty minutes after the start, a further £5. To the entrant of the car finishing first in each heat, £50; second in each heat, £20; third in each heat, £15; fourth in each heat, £10; and fifth in each heat, £5.

To the entrant of the car finishing first in the final, the "Coronation Trophy" and £150; second in final, £75; third in final, £50; and fourth in final, £25. To the driver of each car covering 24 laps in the final before the race is terminated, a Road Racing Club award of a suitable character. Whether it is a medal or a plaque, it will be a memento of the first car race to be held at the Crystal Palace—something of an historical occasion. In the meanwhile, the road circuit is rapidly being constructed to be ready for this race.

One of the most attractive motor showrooms is that of the Chevrolet car at 24-27, Orchard Street, London, just by Selfridge's. The main entrance-hall, with its lofty pillars, further enhances the high-class appearance of the Chevrolets staged there by Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd., under the management of Mr. C. R. F. English. Rated at 29.3 h.p. for its six-cylinder overhead-valved engine of 88.8 mm. bore and 95.25 mm.

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of appearance and is more than usually comfortable for the passengers. At the same time, the owner-driver will be quite satisfied with its 20 to 21 miles per gallon of B.P. or Ethyl petrol, and an easy touring speed of 60 miles an hour without any sign of protestation from back-axle, gears, or the engine itself. But my advice is, always use second gear in traffic, as the high top (3.72 to 1) makes getting away a trifle difficult if you remain on that ratio (top gear). However, it is the standard of comfort given by a car of such moderate cost that makes me perfectly indifferent as to whether its maximum speed is 65 or 75 or even 85 miles an hour, as long as the chauffeur does not attain a pace which affects the comfort of the passengers. It certainly does not when travelling at 65 m.p.h., and he has to be a very clever driver, or have discovered a forgotten lonely road, to cruise along any faster than this for any great distance in England without need for slackening the pace, however much he can "blind along" on the Continent.



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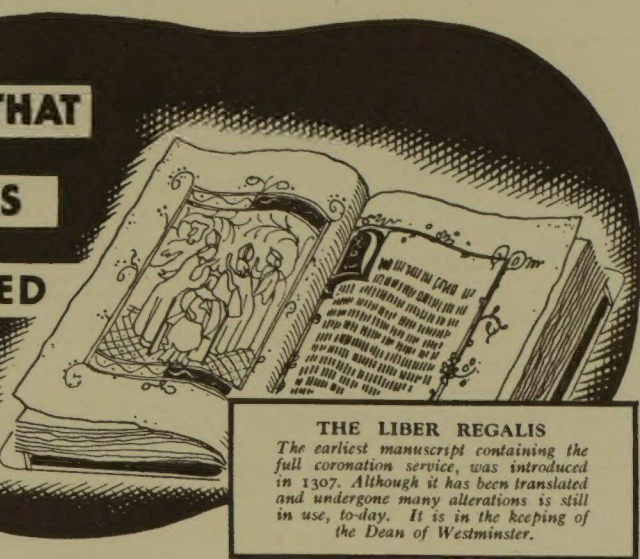
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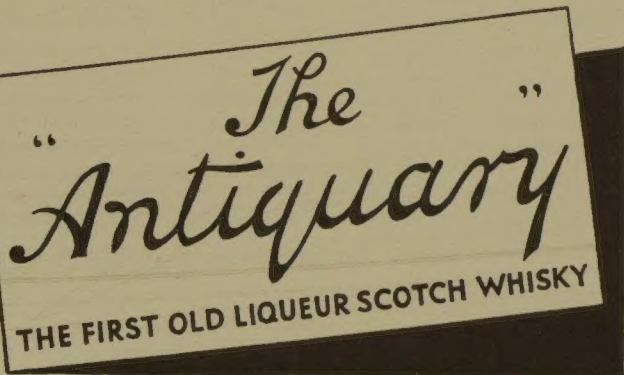


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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

## BEECHAM AND MOZART.

THE seventh concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society was conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, and the programme was devoted entirely to Mozart, works of all periods in his life, except his prodigy childhood, being represented. That the orchestra and Sir Thomas were in good form was shown by the brilliant and exciting performance of the opening work, the "Paris" Symphony composed in 1778, when Mozart was twenty-two. It was a pleasure to hear in this clean, crisp playing of the orchestra and the absence in Sir Thomas Beecham's rendering of the work of any sentimental nuancing. This was followed by a wholly admirable performance of the wonderful C minor pianoforte concerto, one of the most remarkable of all Mozart's superb concertos for this instrument. The soloist, Louis Kentner, who, when he was seventeen, showed great promise as a pianist in Berlin, gave a very satisfying interpretation of the concerto, with excellent finger-work and rhythm and a truly musical understanding.

This was followed by five movements of the Divertimento No. 2 in D (K131), composed by Mozart when he was sixteen years old. This is the sort of charming, inventive, lyrical Mozartian music which Sir Thomas understands so well, and he gave a truly delightful performance. Had the concert finished then, one would have had no criticism to make, or practically none. But after the interval came the "Jupiter" Symphony, and here, in my opinion, Sir Thomas Beecham showed that he has not yet reached the final goal in Mozart interpretation.

Of all the great composers, Mozart is the most exacting and the most inaccessible, and in a work like the "Jupiter" Symphony he shows a side of his genius which is quite different from that shown in the Divertimento in D, for example. Delicacy, good taste, refinement, sensibility—all these which Sir Thomas has are not enough to do justice to this work. It requires something more massive and solid—namely, a profound sense and grasp of structure. For me the effect of the slow movement was spoiled by being taken too fast; the same was true of the wonderful last movement, which is a piece of pure musical architecture. It is certainly marked *allegro molto* but not *presto*, and, quite apart from the tempo, it was not conceived aright, but was nuanced in detail to the detriment of its form.

## SUNDAY CONCERTS AT COVENT GARDEN.

The splendid series of Sunday afternoon concerts which Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra are giving at Covent Garden are filling the house. Last Sunday the programme consisted of three symphonies: Haydn in D ("London"), Mendelssohn's "Italian" and

the Brahms No. 3 in F. Of these, the performance of the Mendelssohn was the most outstanding. The consistently beautiful quality of tone, the accuracy, and sensitiveness of the phrasing, and the way the wood-wind and strings dovetailed intelligently and smoothly one into the other were features of this beautiful performance, which reminded me of the playing of the Vienna Philharmonic. Certainly this new London Philharmonic Orchestra is making great progress under Sir Thomas Beecham.

W. J. TURNER.

## "BEHIND YOUR BACK," AT THE STRAND.

MOST dramatists, it is said, walk up and down the Embankment on their first nights. This is a pity, because the tragedy and comedy of the Thames Embankment has been overwritten. Had they spent their anxious moments in the dress-circle bar, it would not have been left to a "front-of-the-house manager" to discover that, frequently, there is more drama going on behind the backs of the audience than is to be seen over the footlights. Mr. Charles Landstone, well known to most first-nighters as a "house manager," has, in "Behind Your Back," not only seized on an original idea, but has handled it very skilfully. A girl box-office assistant is in love with the commissionaire, and when she can spare the time from the telephone tries to take him away from his wife. His wife, not unnaturally, makes a scene, and has to be pacified by the titled authoress of the play, who, very wisely, is on excellent terms with the theatre staff. (Few dramatists realise the influence a theatre staff can have on the success of a play. Cheerful, optimistic faces during the intervals impress dubious patrons; while that little "hand" given at the fall of the curtain from the back of the dress-circle has persuaded many a playgoer that he has been watching one of the hits of the season.) That a Press agent would be so tactless as to reveal the "past" of a stage manageress with whom his chief is in love is doubtful, but it makes an excellent situation. However, the strength of this play does not lie in its plot. It is the naturalness of the minor characters that interested first-nighters. Mr. Jack Melford is exactly right as the amiable, slightly harassed manager. Miss Mary Glynne is rather more the society woman one sees in the illustrated weeklies than the authoress one meets in real life, but she pulls the necessary strings with a firm yet gentle hand. As an aspiring dramatist, Mr. Jonathan Field contributes a gem of London comedy, though the stage manager should note that a three-act play is rather bulkier than the typewritten script with which he is provided. Mr. Martin Walker's drunken stallite is a delicious creation; while Mr. Esme Percy brings down the house, and curtain, with a last-minute impression of an actor-manager.

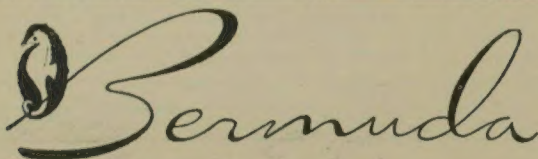
## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 232)

many—which explains the objects and methods of pre-historic research in a clearer and simpler and more human way. Although the locality is circumscribed, and the period covered stops short at the Saxon Conquest, the material is so presented as to form an attractive introduction to the general study of our remote ancestors.

Every historian or biographer, seeking to discover the truth, must be a kind of Sherlock Holmes, and Mr. Curwen shows that in anthropology also there is an element of Scotland Yard—or Baker Street. "The methods of pre-historic research," he says, "resemble those of a detective investigating a crime that no one has witnessed. . . . So it is with the reconstruction of history in the absence of contemporary written records. The archaeologist examines minutely the actual scenes of the events he is trying to recall, and he collects all kinds of apparently insignificant clues. . . . Our friends will be contemptuous and not a little amused to see them; they cannot understand anyone undertaking a laborious and perhaps costly excavation, and being content with less than the Golden Calf, or at least a Grecian urn or two, as his reward. They still imagine that archaeology means treasure-hunting." What it does mean the author fully explains, and probably some of his readers, once bitten with the zeal of the chase, will abandon the "thriller" in a deck-chair on Brighton beach for the actual hunt for prehistoric evidence among the barrows and flint-mines and earthworks of the Sussex Downs.

The above allusion to Grecian urns reminds me that among the books which I hope to discuss later is "LETTERS OF FANNY BRAWNE TO FANNY KEATS." Edited by Fred Edgcombe (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 10s. 6d.). Keats himself (if in the shades he follows the modern development of poetry) might be interested in two recent efforts in that art—"THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS." Translated by Louis MacNeice (Faber; 5s.), and "LOOK, STRANGER!" Poems by W. H. Auden (Faber; 5s.). Another book awaiting fuller notice deals expertly with a matter of urgent public importance—"THE PRESERVATION OF OUR SCENERY." Essays and Addresses. By Vaughan Cornish, D.Sc. With Illustrations by the Author (Cambridge University Press; 7s. 6d.). In this last work our English countryside is considered, not for its archaeological value as a Stone Age "necropolis," but aesthetically for the beauty of its landscape. Better a living hiker than a dead Eoanthropus! C. E. B.



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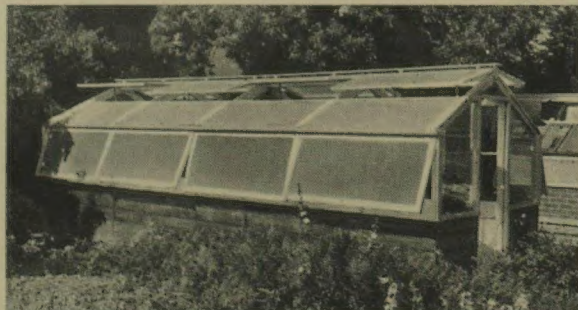
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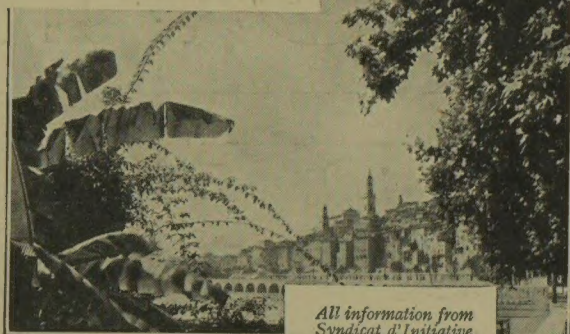
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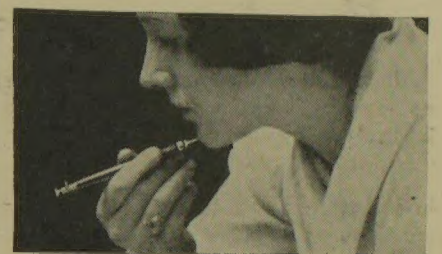
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